

JAN 8 1946

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COUNTRY LIFE

On Sale Friday

DECEMBER 21, 1945

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ADVERTISING PAGE 1074

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVIII. No. 2553

DECEMBER 21, 1945



Karl Schenker

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Lady Beit is the second daughter of the late Major the Hon. Clement Freeman-Mitford and of Lady Helen Nutting; her marriage to Sir Alfred Beit, Bt., took place in 1939

COUNTRY LIFE

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MERRY ENGLAND TOWNS

AROUND Christmas time thoughts turn towards a mythical past summed up in the words Merry England, though when precisely that golden age existed history books are not clear. It is generally agreed, however, that the modern Christmas spirit and the tradition that the season should be consecrated to happiness and kindly relations owes its observance as much to the genius of Charles Dickens as to any one man at any particular date. To visualise an actual Merry England we need, therefore, go back no further than the period of Dickens's own youth—the England of the Regency. It was certainly a beautiful England, though it was the time of Squeers and Quilp no less than of Pickwick and Micawber. And it has perhaps been forgotten that the invention of those immortal characters was contemporary with the building of such towns as Brighton and Cheltenham, the architecture of which, much more than the traditional Christmas background of moated grange or rafted hall, possesses those intrinsic qualities of gentle, neighbourly cheerfulness which we regard as the seasonable ideal in people. Christmas cheerfulness may be carried to excess by individuals. Yet we do not, when the festivities are over, knock them on the head and dismember them as, too often, the present age seeks to do to their architectural counterparts. It is time, indeed, that these gracious companionable towns and their Georgian predecessors were more widely recognised for what they are: irreplaceable expressions of the national character at its best and most lovable.

There are welcome signs that this recognition is at length being accorded to the buildings of that, in retrospect, Merry England. During the past year the Bath Preservation Trust has tackled the problem of adapting Georgian town houses to modern needs, and the Georgian Group has reported to the Cheltenham municipality on that town's similar problem. The York Georgian Society has published an admirable and useful handbook on the repair and maintenance of 17th- and 18th-century premises. And, most recent recruit to these public-spirited bodies, a Regency Society has just been formed for the preservation of historic Brighton and Hove. A growing number of towns, including Guildford, Sevenoaks, and Bewdley have active Civic Societies focusing the conviction, now rapidly growing on all sides, that planning for a future, however bright, prosperous, and efficient, which does not safeguard the best of the past, will largely fail of its object.

The need and scope for civic or preservation societies is real and expanding. Legislation,

itself only the product of public opinion, relies on organised public opinion to give it effect. It may be a dead letter unless town council and planning committee contain members animated by such a body's ideals to counterbalance others less enlightened. The valuable Section 17 of the Town and Country Planning Act, 1944, providing for the "listing" of important buildings which are thereby accorded protection from demolition for two months, assumes a local public opinion "educated" to take advantage of the period of reprieve. It is the need of educating opinion that has produced the Bath and Brighton societies where, as at Cheltenham also, the immediate objective is to show how the terrace of classical houses can be converted into flats, thereby preserving those façades that in France would be classified as national monuments. In time, similar national protection may be accorded the architecture of Merry England. But much patient, voluntary, local spadework is yet required before Nash of London, Bu-by of Brighton, Papworth of Cheltenham, and the rest, are accorded the legal protection enjoyed by a Gothic or prehistoric monument.

THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

NOW is the time we're all together—pull the curtains and shut the door.

Heaven be praised, it's wintry weather, misty and cold, and dark at four.

Rusty, king of the hearthrug seeming: Jan's black muzzle too near the fire:

Coloured backs on the bookshelves gleaming: time to read to your heart's desire.

Kay curled up in the sofa corner, Bob a-sprawl in the best armchair,

Both away on some treasure island wild with fauna and far from care.

Bring my mending and stocking-basket, here's your paper and pipe and shoes.

Time for snoozing, or, if you ask it, here's the wireless and all the news.

Peace and goodwill are surely glowing from homes at Christmas! What of the night?

Stars are out and it's starting snowing, pale and shiny and frosty white.

Time to-morrow for brave shoe-leather, sun and snow and a life lived free—

Now we are all by the fire together—and Christmas voices are near to me.

M. CHILD.

A CHRISTMAS CIRCUS

THIS is the first peace-time Christmas and we take the opportunity of wishing our readers what it would have been altogether too ironical to wish them in war-time, a Merry Christmas. It is appropriate to this happy occasion that London is once more to have its Circus at Christmas, its first since 1938. This most romantic of all entertainments will have an added touch of romance, at any rate for those who are old enough, in the fact that it will take place in the Earl's Court Exhibition Building. The Circus has its traditional families—Sangers, Ginnetts and Fossetts are names that come to mind—and Mr. Tom Fossett, with other members of his family who have clung to the family business, is the prime mover in this enterprise. There must be thousands of children in London who have never seen a circus, and it is pleasant to think of them having their first introduction to the clown, to the liberty horses caracoling round and round with their infinite dignity, to the mingled joy and agony of the young man on the flying trapeze.

THE MUMMERS' PLAY

MR. JOHN BACON'S article on Christmas Folk Plays which appears in this issue of COUNTRY LIFE opens up a fascinating vista of speculation for all who pay reverence to the Golden Bough, and of severely diacritical study for others of a more literal and logical turn of mind. It was Dr. E. K. Chambers who first seriously suggested that the "Mummers' Play," which varies little in the southern counties and was in Georgian and early Victorian times almost universally performed by bands of village geezers (guisers), was a folk lore survival of paganism, and that the death and subsequent

"resurrection" of Saint (or King) George was a substitute for the offering of a sacrificial victim, and translated into human terms the rejuvenation of the Old Year. A less romantic view is taken by scholarly critics like Reginald Tidd, who collected a large number of versions of the Play, not only from the coastal counties of the South but from the Midlands and the North, and found reason to suggest that the southern versions, though their identity was obscured by local gags and dialect corruptions, were derived from a common written or printed original dated not earlier than the end of the seventeenth century. This, of course, in no way precludes a much greater antiquity for the drama. But it would be interesting to discover the answers to several questions. Are two different "plays" involved, and is there a northern derivation from some mediaeval mystery? Kings of Egypt and Turkish Knights suggest the Crusades as a background and so too does the guisers' mail of the southern versions. What a series of puzzles for the literary antiquarian are here provided!

FARM BUILDINGS

THERE is plenty of common-sense reading in the report of the Farm Buildings Committee that was set up by the Minister of Agriculture in 1942. The Committee confirms the opinion of most practical men that farm buildings should be designed so that by changing the internal fittings they would be adapted to a variety of purposes. The costly buildings put up by our grandfathers were usually designed for one purpose only, making it difficult and expensive to convert, say, a stable into a cow-house. In new building and reconstruction this point should certainly be kept uppermost in mind. But when shall we be able to start re-designing our old farm buildings to meet modern needs? The tone of the Committee's report is leisurely, and if Ministers read it they are not likely to be impressed with the urgency of the problem. The airy talk about an increase in the farm workers' minimum wage of £4 10s. a week can only lead to disappointment all round unless farm buildings are better laid out and equipped to make full use of every pair of hands. Landowners and farmers were looking to this Committee to give them a lead, particularly on such matters as the suitability of American designs for this country. American and Canadian farmers have always had to pay high wages to their hired hands and they have put much ingenuity into the lay-out and equipment of their two-storey barns where everything is to hand and work can go on uninterrupted by bad weather. We want to hear more about these developments.

TURKEY FOOTNOTE

THE fantastic prices reported to be paid in the black market are evidence of the turkey's high prestige in this country, yet there are at least two opinions about the fowl's merits. On the one hand, Benjamin Franklin's desire to have the turkey (rather than the eagle) as his country's emblem may be recalled, together with Brillat-Savarin's remark that turkey, even cold turkey, is the best thing that the New World has given to the Old. On such bases the cult of the turkey has arisen, so that the turkey-less are now offered consolation recipes on how to cook pork, rabbit or what-you-will to make it taste like turkey. On the other hand, we may remember (despite derisive cries of "Sour grapes!") that the Spanish conquerors of Mexico found that turkeys were the food commonly provided for the carnivores in the Aztec zoos, and that in Central Europe (notably in such an epicurean city as Vienna) turkeys are in normal times ranked among the lower classes of poultry. It would be interesting to know what proportion of English gourmets would rate turkey above chicken, duck, partridge, grouse and pheasant: the proportion might be small, and we should probably be told that the worship of the turkey is just another example of mass psychology. In the past there were similar cults of peafowl and swans but, oddly enough, Europe's nearest approach to a turkey, the great bustard, seems never to have been domesticated.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

IN some recent Notes on poor-conditioned trout in artificial lakes, a state of affairs which is usually caused by the acidity of the water, I referred to the wonderful record of Blagdon, and I have now received the year's report on this reservoir, together with a most interesting article by the Manager of the Bristol Waterworks under the apt quotation "*ubi trutta ibi arcadia*." For something like forty years I have known that Blagdon's water possessed such exceptional qualities for the growth and condition of trout that one is surprised that Bristol people, who drink the water, do not grow to a height of 8 feet or more with proportionate bulk. As an ordinary fisherman, and not a chemical expert, I am afraid I have not learned very much from the statement in the article that the analysis of this remarkable water shows that it has a pH value of 7.9, and that the silica and phosphate contents are .5 and .0002 respectively, but I do know that, unlike those of almost every other artificial water, the Blagdon trout are as well-conditioned and of the same size as their famous forbears of four decades ago.

IT is good news that the war-time prohibition has been lifted and that boats will be allowed on the lake in the coming season as, although the bank fisherman quite frequently does as well as, and sometimes even better than, those afloat, I have always felt that these successful shore anglers were "old-timers," who knew the water very intimately, and there was no question of chuck and chance in their methods. Knowing one's water well is considerably more than half the battle in the campaign against the trout, and I have no doubt that Blagdon is the same as every other fishery, with bays which big fish frequent and others that they avoid, and promontories off which they lurk and similar ones which they ignore entirely.

The number of trout caught during the last five years is considerably less than that of the last normal year, 1938, and the explanation is of course that there have been far fewer fishermen at work to catch them; but the average weight, 2 lb. 15 oz., is higher than that of any year since 1925. I note that the largest trout taken from the lake was one of 16¼ lb., which was netted when the keepers were stripping fish for hatchery purposes.

THE recently-formed Society for the Prevention of Building of Houses and the Preservation of Bombed Sites is functioning most efficiently in our corner of England, and, so far as official building is concerned, not one sod has been turned and not one brick laid since the General Election. The designs and specifications of many cottages are prepared, the necessary documents filled in and the actual building sites selected, but there is still a long waiting list of officials in various Ministries who have not yet had an opportunity to study the papers, and add delaying minutes.

The only black spots on this wonderful record of nothing done are provided by a few private houses, the building of which was started by capitalists shortly after V.E. Day, but, judging by the rate at which the work is progressing, these adventurers are feeling the result of, what the Army calls, being "browned off." Now that the Government has fixed a limit of £1,200 on a projected new house to be erected by a private individual, it is hoped, as a temporary pre-fabricated one costs £1,350, that there will be no further transgressions of his nature.



J. A. Brimble

FIRST SNOW

The situation with regard to the Preservation of Bombed Sites is also most satisfactory, and control has effectually prevented any desecration by re-building on these historic relics of the war. In fact one might mis-quote Omar with: "They say the Redstart, with his family, keeps The Cots that Goering bombed and left in heaps." From what I hear from various sources, however, our achievement is by no means unique.

A BOOK I have just read gives an account of a cat's meditation and summing up of the situation on making the discovery that her mistress is dead. The first question, which arises in the cat's mind, is the finding of another home complete with all feline comforts and accessories, and inhabited by the right sort of people. After careful consideration she discards the obvious method of obtaining a footing by putting in an appearance in the selected home circle with a nice clean mouse in her mouth. She feels that this age-old ruse has been played out, and that the average mouse-ridden householder is now wise to it, knowing that in so many cases the cat is posing with her first and last mouse. Finally she decides to adopt the by no means original, but usually infallible, one of waiting until some gullible specimen of humanity arrives, and of being found seated in the death chamber with a lost look of bereavement in her eyes.

IT is all very distressing reading and possibly not fair to the cat species, but I have recently obtained evidence of the extraordinary intelligent efforts cats will make to find suitable homes—and not only cats but quite young kittens also. A relative of mine who has a distinct aversion to cats and who has never owned one, recently moved into a new house. Three weeks after the move a kitten, which could not have been more than two months old and therefore could have had no previous connection with the house, began to put in an appearance every day on the sills of the windows. She announced her presence by giving three distinct taps on the window pane, and on discovering that a room was unoccupied would move on to another, repeating the taps, until she obtained recognition of her presence. Then with an anguished expression in her eyes she would give vent to a pathetic miaow—one of those quivering ones with a break in the middle, which suggest starvation. Even one who is allergic to cats cannot withstand this sort of thing indefinitely, and finally the kitten was admitted for just one saucer of milk to save its life—and that's the end of the story! The kitten at once adopted the attitude that she had acquired her footing in the house by right of prescription or conquest, her manners in all things were so perfect and considerate that one wondered why she should wish to mix with imperfect human beings, and there is one less cat-hater in the world.

REJOICE!

By RICHARD CHURCH

EVERYMAN, that all-reaching anonymous person, is at this moment thinking that the coming Christmas will be a special Christmas; the most outstanding since that first one when a small artisan-taxpayer took shelter for the night with his young wife in the stable of an inn. The great festival comes upon us unprepared. We have few Yule logs, few plum puddings, few crackers or snapdragons, no bowls of punch, those time-and-custom attributes of family self-congratulation which, in most households, are so fully deserved after a year of toil. This Christmas, which needs such unique celebration, is likely to be a lean one in which the tables, if they groan, will not groan from a familiar cause. The world is a hungry world. It is broken, diseased, and bleeding still.

Further, our statesmen and philosophers are prophesying worse to come. Mr. Wells has publicly washed his hands of human kind and turned his face to the wall. And surely there has never been a greater optimist than H. G., the builder of so many Utopias. Our scientists, those odd and often solitary eccentrics (much more so than our poets and musicians!) have broken through their eccentricities and have come together to warn human society of the appalling doom that lies ahead if we continue to run the world as we have always run it—that is, according to our human nature. Unless we instantly become supermen, capable of handling the monstrous, Icarian instruments which our devilishly clever wits have evolved, and handling them to a godlike purpose, we shall blow ourselves and our planet into nothingness. Observers from Mars will suddenly notice a glare in the heavens where normally was a warm, cloudy little gleam by night, and that will be all. Our story will have come to an end, in a way that reverses Mr. Eliot's prophecy about the manner of the final exit of man:

Not with a bang but a whimper.

And from the political evidence, these jeremiads from statesmen and scientists are emphatically justified. The heart grows sick to think of the way in which the ideals and promises for which the war was fought are already pushed aside during the scramble for national security, or what is thought by the unhappy politicians to be national security. We listen, we men and women of ordinary everyday life, as the leaders wrangle and argue; and we are blown about by the stormy rumours of looting, wilful aggravation of the misery of the world, bargain-pulling, and the continued practise of might-is-right.

Such is the atmosphere in which we are preparing to celebrate this coming Christmas. Quite obviously there will be angry outcries against the hypocrisy of it all. The satirists will come into their own. The young and angry idealists will cry out with a great cry.

I accept it all. I am certain that everybody else accepts it too. What else could we do? The facts are there. But the trouble about facts is that they are so fickle, whereas human faith and hope are incurably constant. And I know that if I were to take a sort of private Gallup poll from people I encounter in the streets of London, or in the fields and lanes round about me here in Kent, I should find that the great majority merely pays a shrewd lip-service to the gloomy prognostications that radio, pulpit, platform and newspapers are at this moment raining down upon our acquiescent heads. The truth is that we are all (and thank heaven for it) possessed of some degree of Micawberism. We all have a mystical Corner round which the happy surprise-package is waiting. And the Realist who tries to disabuse us is never taken quite seriously. We put on a mask of solemnity and nod our heads as we murmur "Quite! Quite!" But our eyes are peering, squirrel-like, over his shoulder at something to which he presents his back, and our ribs begin to make themselves a nuisance because of the mirth that is shaking them.

That is my absurd and illogical position now, as I contemplate the coming Christmas,



J. Dixon Scott

THE PARISH CHURCH AND ANCIENT OAK AT HAWKHURST, KENT. AS THEY WERE BEFORE THE CHURCH WAS DAMAGED BY A FLYING BOMB IN AUGUST, 1944

on behalf of the millions of my fellow-men-in-the-street. And I know in my bones that we are an army of incorrigibles together. We think of Christmas not in terms of Treaties and Zones, but of our boys coming back, and our daughters being able to relapse into femininity, and of the thousand-and-one small things in daily life which are once more putting in an appearance, no matter how reluctantly.

Two lines of an old carol have been running in my head for days:

*Good Christian men rejoy-oy-oice,
With heart and soul and voy-oy-oice.*

And that snatch of unheard music has drowned everything else, including the warnings of cosmic wrath. I have not the slightest compunction in passing on that innocent advice. The gloomy deans of science and sociology must give way for once, to let us have our fling for a day or two.

While all the misery and disillusionment have been going on, I have watched the recent Autumn come over our countryside with a more ravishing beauty than it has lavished for years. At least, that is how I have seen it. The cherry orchards suddenly turned into a cool fire of coral; the elms wild and feverish; the fields (ploughed so early this year) a warm fustian; the hedges mad with bryony, like a Bacchante's hair; this has been the setting in which I have noticed the gradual re-appearance of local men on the farms and in the yards of the small-town and village employers.

And to talk to these men has been a tonic. Some of them are returned prisoners of war; others are back from the health-wrecking experiences in the Far East. But they are almost unanimously cheerful and free from bitterness. There is a new sort of realism about them, something far-seeing and simplified. They just don't bother about the complications of what has hitherto been the normal competitive life. The habit of competitiveness has dropped from them. It is not that they are any more altruistic; but in a way which it is impossible to define, they have got down to fundamentals, and their conduct with those fundamentals is freshened. The result is that, though they are older and completely disillusioned, they are also boyish, cheerful, and forthcoming in their response to any unconventional approach. Nothing surprises them and everything surprises them.

It is no exaggeration to say that these returned soldiers are a new community whose way of looking at things is likely to bring completely unexpected factors to bear upon the

post-war build-up of society. And I don't believe that it is going to be a depressed society. There is abroad a different way of looking upon technics. The soldier has learned the appalling strength of the machine; but he has also learned that his own strength is greater. For over a century the machine has really been our master, and has played all manner of evil with us. It has dirtied our countryside. It has dislocated our economics. It has played Old Harry with our population problems, emptying the fields and over-crowding the cities. It has multiplied an honest and normal profit-making motive into a disease.

But against all those negatives there is so much that is positive that we forget to mention it. I cannot help looking forward to to-morrow as a child looks forward to Christmas morning; that moment before daybreak, when he wakes up and instantly realises what day it is, and puts down his foot to feel for a weight on the bottom of his bed, and finds that weight, to prod it with his toe, listening to the rustles, squeaks and lumpy droppings as the bundle shifts a little. Our Christmas stocking this year is an enormous one, though it is so securely tied up with the string of the future that we may be an unconscious while exploring it.

So confident does this make me that I no longer grieve at the damage done to our Kentish villages and to sacred Canterbury, that queen of cities. The fact is that a new awakening, a renaissance of will and consciousness, is stirring the generation which has won the war. I stood one day during the Autumn in the burial-ground of Hawkhurst church, amid the ruins of that typical English monument, and as I stared at the leaf-covered fragments, and at the drapery of moss and dried grasses, I had this illumination come over me. I must have felt somewhat as the shepherds felt that night when they heard directive music in the heavens.

The assurance was confirmed only a few days ago after a cold Winter drive across the county to Canterbury. Surely that city is enough to make the most Philistine heart bleed. The very centre of the town is torn out, and is already relapsing into a green solitude. I went there on a Sunday morning and the place seemed deserted. But the cathedral stood up more superbly than ever, shining with Winter gold, slightly misted by the chill of its own stone as the sun warmed the air round it and sent a half-visible aura. I heard the ten bells pealing and I walked through that solid phalanx of sound until I found myself among the ruins at



THE CATHEDRAL OF CANTERBURY "STOOD UP MORE SUPERBLY THAN EVER, SHINING WITH WINTER GOLD"

the back behind the cloisters, where the mediæval library had once stood. But there, in the desecrated garden, stood a stone-mason's tent, and the blocks of newly-shaped stone were numbered and ready for adding to the walls rising upon the ruins of the Dean's house. Already a large sweep of roofing covered the King's School buildings which had been damaged, and the multi-coloured tiles shone like a tray of jewels in the sunshine.

I stood there with a great tumult of fore-seeing raging within me. I did not believe any longer in the mechanistic prophecies of disaster. We have had disaster, I said to myself, and this cathedral, the third inspired upon this historical site, has suffered again and again at the hand of man suddenly brutalised and driven mad.

But here it stands to-day, more beautiful than ever, and the music of bells is tumbling from its towers and beating about in the air like open-mouthed angels shouting jubilantly. This is a symbol far more acceptable, just as the certain yearly recurrence of Christmas is a symbol that is far more permanent, than any put up by politicians in the name of a mechanistic inevitability, foretelling the final insanity and the end of man. I believe in the lasting sanity of man, his common everyday kindness, which works so long as he is not ridden by dogmas and double-edged ideals. His craftsmanship is a mighty force indeed, but so far it has saved him more often than it has betrayed him. It has kept his hands and brains busy and warm with enthusiasm. Only when his hands have

been idle has he monkeyed with his own welfare and that of his neighbour.

I drove back along the Weald in the evening light, still with my eyes startled by that moment of vision. I still cannot dispel it. It lights up for me the prospect of the first Christmas of the new era of peace, and it makes me believe in that era, and in the generation of war-wise men and women whose lot it is to inaugurate that era. We have enormous dangers ahead of us. But they are the dangers of a machine which we no longer fear because we are conscious of the moral simplicity needed to master it. And where there is consciousness there is forewarning. And to be forewarned is to be ready. This Christmas therefore is, for me, a Christmas of readiness. And I speak for the millions.



THE PILGRIMS' WAY, KENT
Wrotham Water is in the middle distance. The Pilgrims' Way runs across the foreground

The Times

THE HAUNTED FARM-HOUSE

Written and Illustrated by ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR

FEW with any appreciable knowledge of Scotland have not heard of Glen Duror, that steep and comparatively short valley running inland from the roadside at Duror of Appin to terminate in a bowl of mountain. On a rushy and nettley spot at the head of this Argyllshire glen are the ruins of the holding from which James Stewart—James of the Glen, as history denotes him—was evicted in the middle of the eighteenth century; and farther down one comes upon Acharn, the small farm of which James was tenant when the authorities arrested him on a charge of being accessory to the murder of Colin Campbell of Glenure.

On the hillside, within a few hundred yards of Acharn, stand the farm-house and steadings of Achnadarroch, behind which Ben Vair rises steeply, its lower flanks thickly planted with conifers by the Forestry Commission. Indeed, the whole of Glen Duror has been planted in this wise in recent years, and now presents a thriving, prospering nursery.

The farm-house is certainly one of the oldest dwellings in the district. It is said to have been built by one of the Stewarts of Ardsheal, an ancient Appin property, the loftier parts of which are to be seen from its windows. At the time Achnadarroch was built it would have been regarded as a mansion. The old house, whitewashed and conspicuous against its background of dark-green pines, can be seen when, in passing along that inland strip of the Appin road between Kentallen Bay and Cuil Bay, one looks eastward up Glen Duror. Adjoining the house are not inconsiderable farm-steading. Immediately behind it and invisible from the approaches lies a cottage which, in the days when Achnadarroch was extensively and profitably worked as a sheep-farm, would have been the bothy occupied by the farm-labourers and shepherds. At present the cottage is inhabited by a man and his wife, who tenant Achnadarroch, but who have sub-let the old farm-house to my friend, Seumas Stewart, to whom I shall refer hereinafter as Seumas, this being the Gaelic for James, and also the name by which he is now known in Appin—a new *Seumas a' Ghlinne*, as it were: a 20th-century James of the Glen.

Achnadarroch is a house of many apartments. The more spacious of these are distributed on two floors. There is a series of long, narrow attic bedrooms aloft. With the exception of the Haunted Room (so called because it happens to be a little more ghostly than the rest) which opens off the dining-room, those on the ground floor are large. They are all low-ceilinged, however. The Haunted Room, which is now used as a bedroom, was once the general storeroom of the house. One cannot but notice the enormous thickness not only of Achnadarroch's outer walls, but also of those separating its various apartments. The living-room, which was formerly the farm kitchen, is panelled in pinewood. The large square tiles covering its floor are old, and lie very unevenly. Scarcely two of them are in juxtaposition at the same level. They all tend to slope toward the fireplace. The passing of the feet of centuries has worn them hollow in places, especially in front of the fire, and at the three doorways and passages leading into and out of this quaint apartment.

The house possesses nothing in the way of gas or electric lighting: oil-lamps and candles are still the order at Achnadarroch.

At this juncture one ought to mention that Achnadarroch and the immediate neighbourhood are haunted by one to whom the Appin folks allude as the Maid of Glen Duror. The Maid is often seen in and about the house itself. She appears at the windows on the ground floor, in the adjoining farm-steading, and also in the lonelier parts of Glen Duror. A little old woman is frequently seen peering in through the lower windows. Among the commonest of her haunts out of doors are the lower slopes of Ben



THE FARM-HOUSE AT ACHNADARROCH IN EARLY WINTER

Vair, just behind the farm-house. Long ago, it seems, she was employed at Achnadarroch by its original Stewart owners, possibly as dairy-maid. In any case, she was often to be seen herding the Achnadarroch cattle in that part of Glen Duror now so completely planted.

Originally the Maid, as she is spoken of in the district, was a MacColl, one of a clan still fairly numerous in this neighbourhood. I am told by Mrs. Cameron, who now lives at Duror Station but once resided at Achnadarroch, that the Maid, in her present ghostly form, has always been kindly disposed towards the Appin Stewarts, and towards their followers, the MacColls. Mrs. Cameron is a MacColl by birth. During her twenty years' stay at Achnadarroch she frequently saw the grey wraith of the Maid at dusk and heard things go bump in the night.

For reasons of health, Seumas Stewart gave up his theatrical activities in London and elsewhere, and came to live at Achnadarroch in February, 1943. He was scarcely settled in when a series of curious happenings began. As the house had been void of inhabitants for some months previously, it had a very damp and musty smell. So he formed the habit of leaving open the doors of rooms and passages, in order that the place might get thoroughly aired. This became the more necessary as it is usually impracticable, during our Highland Winters of wind and driven rain, to leave the windows open for any length of time. The doors in the attics, as well as those of the rooms on the first floor, with the exception of that belonging to the small bedroom in which he himself slept, were always left open when he retired. But his rest was sometimes disturbed—nay, shattered—by their banging with great violence.

To begin with, and he quite unaware of any haunting, he would rise instantly to make investigations. Perhaps he had left open a windward window, which might have explained this terrifying and terrific banging in the night. But no! In making a tour of the old house to find that all the windows were already closed, he had to open all the doors again. These he would leave wide open when returning to his bedroom, which he sometimes barely reached before one or two doors closed once more with great emphasis. He would not bother going through the house to re-open them that night.

If wakeful, he sometimes had a little amusement by continuing to rise and open the doors whenever he heard them close. But he never had the last word in the matter, since some influence, of which he knew not, always outwitted him before dawn. Gradually he got tired of this game, as it were, and resolved to pay no heed to the doors' antics. As yet, he had not

the faintest suspicion that there may have been something occult about their behaviour.

Not long after Seumas had taken up residence at Achnadarroch he began to see, from time to time, and usually at dusk, a little old woman peering in at a corner of the window of the farm-house kitchen, which by now he had converted into his living-room. He mildly tolerated this at the outset, believing her to be an inquisitive neighbour. He did not know in the least whom she might have been because, as yet, he was acquainted with no one in the locality except the farmer and his wife who occupy the cottage behind the farm-house, and the forestry overseer and his wife, who reside in a house recently built about a hundred yards away. But the face seen at the window was not that of any of them.

Soon the old woman's rude insistence became an annoyance. He now resorted to hurrying out to the lawn before the house, in the hope of intercepting her and perhaps of identifying her in torch-light. But he never could find anyone there. If he were really seeing an old woman, she was adept at getting out of ken very quickly, especially when one considers that quite a substantial stone wall and an inner hedge surround the lawn on three sides, and that the front of the house bounds it on the fourth. Notwithstanding, it struck him as being possible that anyone familiar with the lie of the land could easily nip over the hedge and wall and disappear where the ground slopes so steeply away from the front of the house.

It was at this stage that Seumas began to think that there was something odd about Achnadarroch. An unaccountable reluctance to enter the dining-room now seized him. Heroin lay several of his packing-cases. To these he frequently had occasion to resort for various items, since he was still in process of arranging the house preparatory to inviting relatives and friends to visit him. From time to time, then, when entering the dining-room to unpack some household utensil or, perhaps, some piece of old furniture which he valued (all Stewarts, by the way, appear to be fervid collectors!) he always felt uneasy, and was relieved to get out of it again. For no apparent reason, he sensed a peculiar chill. Even when a fire burned brightly in the room, this chill came over him.

A week or two later, Seumas's mother, sister and infant niece arrived on a prolonged visit to Achnadarroch. By this time the packing-cases had been stowed away elsewhere. The dining-room was now in order except, perhaps, that no pictures had been hung as yet. This room was set aside as a play-room for the little niece, then about three years of age. It was

hoped that the child would continue to amuse herself therein with her toys, while the remainder of the household was otherwise engaged in hanging curtains, laying carpets, and so on. But the child would not remain in the room alone. "I don't like in there!" she would say, when asked why she would not stay in the nice, warm room.

"But why?" her relations enquired of her. "Cause I don't like that woman!" she would reply.

Reluctantly, the child might return for a little, and then come out again to get in the way of those busily employed in putting the house into some sort of order.

After a stay of some weeks, Seumas's mother, sister and niece departed. At nightfall a day or two later, he had occasion to visit the forestry overseer and his wife, who lived but a hundred yards away. In leaving the old farm-house by the side door, he chanced to glance along the front of the house, and was astonished to see the figure of a woman. She was standing by the window at which he previously had seen an unkent face. Although a little alarmed, he stood his ground, and, while so doing, actually saw her glide away across the lawn, and then vanish. He now felt decidedly uncomfortable at the prospect of having to return to occupy the house alone that night.

Some nights later, Seumas was seated at the table, writing a letter by the light of a brilliant incandescent oil-lamp. While he was re-reading the letter before enclosing it, his attention was diverted by the figure of an old woman passing noiselessly towards the window, whereat she stood for a moment, waving her arms as if she were trying to shoo someone away. She was clad in a long, hooded cloak, and seemed as luminous as she appeared to be impalpable. Meanwhile, the window-curtain billowed right out into the room, as though a breeze had caught it. The window, however, was closed; and there was no sound anywhere, for the night was one of unusual stillness. As the wraith vanished, Seumas recognised on it the face of the person he had seen keeking through at a corner of the window. He was much shaken. In fact, for some little time, he found himself quite unable to move. He now began to connect this visitation with the persistent opening and banging of the doors.

It was in the Summer of 1943 that Seumas and his mother and sister and brother-in-law heard three distinct bumps, followed by three even more distinct crashes, in the region of the staircase. On rushing out to discover whether anything of value had dropped, they found, in the bedroom where the little niece was asleep, that three large paper-weights, each weighing two-and-a-half pounds, had come off the window-sill, had fallen on a small writing-table underneath it, and had tumbled therefrom to the floor. There seemed no explanation for this; and, strangely enough, though the violence with which each weight fell failed to waken the child, whose bed lay close to the writing-table, it did knock the glass out of the gold watch which Seumas's mother had left on the table.

One August evening in the same year, when Seumas was entertaining a couple of Air Force officers, together with three members of his own family, an English lady and two local people, the entire company of nine heard, unmistakably, three loud bumps upstairs, as if someone had lifted a ponderous object, and purposely dropped it thrice on the floor. Seumas seized his torch and, in company with some of the others, toured the rooms upstairs. Everything was found in perfect order. No sooner had they returned to the living-room than the bumps were repeated, much to the guests' uneasiness. Another inspection was made, but with as little result. When these strange



THE HAUNTED ROOM AT
ACHNADARROCH

noises were heard for the third time, everyone was petrified. A final tour of the old farm-house revealed nothing that could account for them.

A month or two later, a French pilot officer arrived at Achnadarroch on a few days' visit. Seumas put him in the Haunted Room. One night during his stay, the household was disturbed by what sounded like the crash of a great quantity of crockery. Mother and sister, who were sharing a bedroom, sat up in bed, somewhat alarmed, since this was a novel sound even for Achnadarroch. They listened intently, hoping to hear something which would give them a clue as to what had happened. Shortly afterwards, there was a similar crash. They concluded that the Frenchman, in getting up during the night, and in finding his way through the dining-room, had banged into the delph rack with shattering result. The second crash they attributed to his having again run into the rack on his way back to bed.



WHERE SEA, RAIL AND ROAD TRANSPORT CONVERGE AT KENTALLEN,
IN APPIN. ON THE DISTANT SHORE OF LOCH LINNHE LIES ONICH

Betimes on the morrow, they were astir, anxious to see the extent of the damage. But nowhere could they find broken crockery, nor any out of its usual place. When they asked the pilot officer at breakfast how he had slept, he replied that he had had a very comfortable night. They scarcely believed him when, in answer to further interrogation, he insisted that he had never left his bed.

This brings us to a morning in June, 1944, when Seumas was seated at breakfast with an R.A.F. officer who, along with another Air Force friend, had come to Achnadarroch on a few days' leave. The other friend, meantime, was enjoying breakfast in bed, upstairs. Suddenly there was a terrific crash as of a breakfast tray that had fallen downstairs. They rushed to the foot of the stairs, expecting to find it lying there. But they found nothing of the sort. It occurred to Seumas that, perhaps, a picture had fallen somewhere. An immediate survey of the house disclosed no fallen picture. Seumas then went upstairs to see how the reclining guest was getting on with his breakfast. Everything on the tray was intact. He returned to the friend he had left at the breakfast-table; and they both speculated on this mysterious happening.

One day, earlier in the same year, when Seumas and his sister were about to prepare dinner, they decided to make lentil soup. The lentils were always kept in a glass jar with an aluminium screw-top. When the sister went for the jar she was amazed at finding it filled with bits of newspaper no larger than small confetti. The top was tightly screwed on. This mystified them. Nowhere were the lentils to be found.

Later that day, Mrs. Cameron called. She was on the point of leaving the district for a little, and thought she would say good-bye, and at the same time ask whether anything more had been seen or heard of the Maid. Seumas immediately informed her of the lentils. She then proceeded to tell him that, during her residence, members of the household occasionally found starch in their shoes. Forthwith, Seumas and his sister went in search of their shoes. *They found them filled with lentils.*

Now and again a peculiar perfume pervades this old farm-house. It is not unpleasant, and has been traced to a small cupboard underneath the staircase, now used for storing cardboard boxes, brown paper, and suchlike household requirements. The cupboard, which has an earthen floor, is one of the oldest parts of the

house. At times the perfume it exudes is quite overwhelming.

In the Autumn of 1945, I went on a few days' visit to Achnadarroch. One morning, while shaving in the bathroom upstairs, I heard what I thought was a terrific crash of dishes downstairs, where Seumas meanwhile was preparing breakfast. I paused in my shaving, and went to the head of the stairs.

"Have you had an awful smash, Seumas?" I asked, leaning sympathetically over the banister.

"Did you hear something just then, Alasdair?" he responded.

I replied that I had heard him knock over some dishes, which sounded as though they had broken on the scullery floor.

"When you've lived at Achnadarroch as long as I have," said Seumas, "you'll pay no attention to that kind of thing. It's just the Maid of Glen Duror at her antics!"

It was not until then that he related to me the incidents about broken crockery, mentioned earlier.

Some days later, Seumas Stewart and I sat yarning in the living-room, well into the night, re-fuelling the fire with logs every now and then, as is the custom during those

prolonged ceilidhs for which the Highlands are noted. Suddenly we stopped speaking, and looked at one another in astonishment, if not also in apprehension. A steam train seemed to be charging along at the back of the old farmhouse. Its noise increased to deafening proportions as it approached, and diminished as it receded. The house definitely shook under its thundering sway.

We looked at the clock on the mantelshelf: it stood at 3 a.m. There could be no train passing through Appin at that hour; and, in any case, the Oban-Ballauchulish line (the only railway in the district) ran through the valley in front of the house, half a mile away, and was completely devoid of traffic approximately between the hours of 7 p.m. and 9 a.m.



THE SIDE-DOOR AT ACHNADARROCH FROM WHICH SEUMAS STEWART SAW THE FIGURE OF A WOMAN STANDING BY A WINDOW BEFORE GLIDING ACROSS THE LAWN AND VANISHING

With palpitating resolution, Seumas and I rose and went to the door. We opened it to find a night of incredible stillness, hung with stars. The ghost train had passed away into the deep silence.

JOHN BYROM'S HOME SAFEGUARDED

Written and Illustrated by ARTHUR GAUNT

WHEREVER Christmas is celebrated, *Christians, Awake* figures among the carols and Nativity hymns, for these particular Yuletide verses and their popular tune have gone round the world since they were composed nearly 200 years ago. The words were written in 1747 by Dr. John Byrom, of Kersal Cell, a manor house still standing at Salford, Lancashire. The more gratifying, therefore, are the steps taken during the last twelve months to safeguard and restore this noteworthy half-timbered home.

Kersal Cell is a 16th-century dwelling built by one Baldwin Willoughby on the site of a 12th-century Cluniac hermitage—hence the second half of the name it bears to-day. The Byrom family acquired the property shortly after the Reformation, and in 1740 it was inherited by the famous John. Here, in 1747, in an upper room in the south wing, he wrote the words of the now widely-sung Christmas hymn. How he came to compose them is a story which is little known, but which we may investigate later.

However, Kersal Cell does not derive its present-day importance solely from its Byrom associations. The house is one of the last remaining examples of a 16th-century homestead in the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester and Salford. Here, within three miles of the middle of the city, is an ancient dwelling with old oak panelling, 400-year-old plaster-work, a good 17th-century staircase, and other notable features. It has associations with Harrison Ainsworth, the 19th-century historical novelist, for his story *Mervyn Clitheroe* includes a description of the place, under the name The Anchorites. The Ainsworth family, indeed, were so closely associated with Kersal Cell that they introduced the family crest into two of the leaded windows.

Little wonder, therefore, that consternation arose when it became known, shortly before the outbreak of the recent war, that the property was to be sold, and that its demolition was threatened. Several influential gentlemen took up the matter, in an effort to reprieve the house and grounds from this fate. The result was the

formation of the Kersal Cell Preservation Committee, under the patronage of the Earl of Crawford, the Earl of Stamford, Sir Hugh Walpole, the Bishop of Manchester and others.

A 100,000 Shillings Fund was also opened with the object of raising the £5,000 needed to purchase the property. The appeal received widespread support, the literary, musical, and antiquarian associations of the house arousing much interest. The money for the acquisition of the place was eventually forthcoming. Kersal Cell was then vested in trustees as a Byrom Memorial, to be made available to the public for all time. The restoration of the house was also planned.

War conditions, however, seriously handicapped the renovation work. Another setback was that, in consequence of the war-time lack of supervision, signs of damage brought about through other causes than those of shortages of materials and labour began to make their appearance. They were due in some measure to local boys and youths who took the opportunity to enter the premises and to treat them with scant respect.

During the last twelve months a novel scheme has been introduced to counter this increasing damage and at the same time to restore the property. Use of the house has been granted to a group of neighbouring residents who served together in the Civil Defence Services. They now constitute a John Byrom Community Group, and in this capacity they have carried out much voluntary restoration work.

Under the direction of an architect, they have arrested further deterioration of the property and have assumed responsibility for its protection. They have turned Kersal Cell from a rapidly degenerating house into a carefully preserved historic place. By their own efforts and at their own expense they have renovated several of the rooms, including the great parlour, the oak room, the refectory, and John Byrom's study. The repairs have been executed in a permanent and sympathetic manner which reflects great credit on all concerned.

Plans for a continuation of this work give promise that, within the next few months, the whole house will be restored to a better condition than it has been in for many years. The schemes also aim at making Kersal Cell a live community centre instead of a mere museum. It will be a public property, in the care and maintenance of which the whole district has a



THE REFECTORY SHOWING 15TH-CENTURY PANELLED OAK SETTLE AND 16TH-CENTURY PLASTER FRIEZE

direct interest. One project is to furnish the old black-and-white wing with furniture of the period, after full repairs have been carried out, so that the wing will present the appearance it had in John Byrom's lifetime.

Recent repair work on the exterior of the building has resulted in some discoveries of considerable archaeological importance. A passage, 5 feet high and 2 feet wide, has been revealed on the north side of the house and ancient foundations have been disclosed on the north-east side. These features are believed to be part of the monastic property which existed on the site. Further investigations are being undertaken to establish this. The foundations are of mediæval brickwork.

Another discovery is that the grass covering the site is not indigenous to the Salford district and does not occur on any part of the neighbouring land. It is of a type generally found where there are foundations of ancient buildings beneath the surface.

Hopes are now raised that the present scanty knowledge about the monastic property which preceded the present Kersal Cell will shortly be augmented. Little is yet known about its plan or history, beyond the fact that it was founded about 800 years ago as a branch of Lenton Priory and that it had its own Prior.

The hermitage owed its beginnings to Sir Hugo de Burun, the powerful baron of Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire, who took part in the 12th-century Crusades. According to tradition, a recurring vision implored him to return home from the Holy Land, but his home-coming was delayed. He arrived just in time to see the drawbridge of his castle being lowered for the funeral cortège of his wife. The experience so affected the Baron that he renounced all rights to his widespread properties, took monastic vows at Lenton, and eventually went to Kersal to found a hermitage. There he remained until his death in 1198.

The hermitage developed and existed for more than 400 years until the Dissolution, when Baldwin Willoughby bought the property and built the present manor house on the site. Nine



KERSAL CELL FROM THE SOUTH-EAST. Renovations of both exterior and interior have been carried out by members of the John Byrom Community Group

years later, in 1548, Kersal Cell was bought by one Ralph Kenyon, whose family occupied the house until its purchase by Edward Byrom, father of John.

John Byrom was born there in February, 1691, and in the small study in the south wing he not only composed the verses of *Christians, Awake*, but wrote prolifically in support of the Pretender. His witty epigrams and satires earned him the unofficial title of Poet Laureate of the Jacobites. His staunch loyalty to the Pretender's cause, indeed, was a factor which indirectly caused him to pen the words now sung as a Christmas hymn, for it gave him the

friendship of Dr. Deacon, the Non-Juring Bishop of the Salford district. To young Dolly Byrom it brought a playmate, Charles Deacon, the Doctor's son.

When barely in his 'teens, Charles enlisted as an ensign in the Pretender's army, together with his elder brother Thomas and another young companion named William Brettargh. As the troops marched away from Salford, on St. Andrew's Day, 1745, Dolly Byrom darted from the crowd and gave Charles a white rose, which he tucked into his tunic.

Later, the three youths were taken prisoner and Charles was compelled to witness the execution of his hero brother on Kennington Common, while young Brettargh was sent abroad. When he was imprisoned in Bristol gaol, Charles's health was so undermined that he died.

It was to console Dolly that John Byrom wrote the verses of *Christians, Awake*. She found them on her breakfast plate on Christmas morning, 1747, and she later sent copies to a few friends. When one of these copies came into the hands of John Wainwright, organist at Stockport parish church, he recognised their suitability as a hymn and composed the tune.

By an astonishing chance, the original MS. of the verses came to light again a few years ago, being discovered in a book at a Manchester auction room when the library of John Byrom's great-granddaughter was sold. The treasured piece of paper is now preserved in the Chetham Library, Manchester.

Few buildings in South-East Lancashire have a greater claim to preservation than the half-timbered house so closely associated with these events. Moreover, the property is now fast becoming not only an admirably-restored house of historic interest but also an example of the results obtainable by fostering communal pride in such places. There must be many other instances where similar ideas might profitably be put into effect, to mitigate increasing deterioration and the otherwise inevitable loss of a building worthy of preservation.



ENTRANCE HALL AND STAIRCASE. A photograph taken before the recent war, with the furnishings of the contemporary occupant in position



1.—LUDLOW CASTLE AND THE CHURCH TOWER FROM THE NORTH

OLD TOWNS RE-VISITED—XVI

LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE—I

Ludlow was brought into existence by the foundation, about 1090, of the great castle, seat of the Mortimer Earls of March and later of the Council of the Marches. The town, full of picturesque buildings, is further remarkable as the earliest example in England of conscious town planning.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

FOR sheer visual beauty, coloured by romantic history and substantiated in richness of architectural sequence, Ludlow stands high, perhaps first, among English towns. Others can surpass it

on particular points, but few if any in this union of setting, quality and texture, each intrinsically first-rate. The whole place is a national monument, or rather ought to be: the gorge of the Teme, the "royal ruin" of the

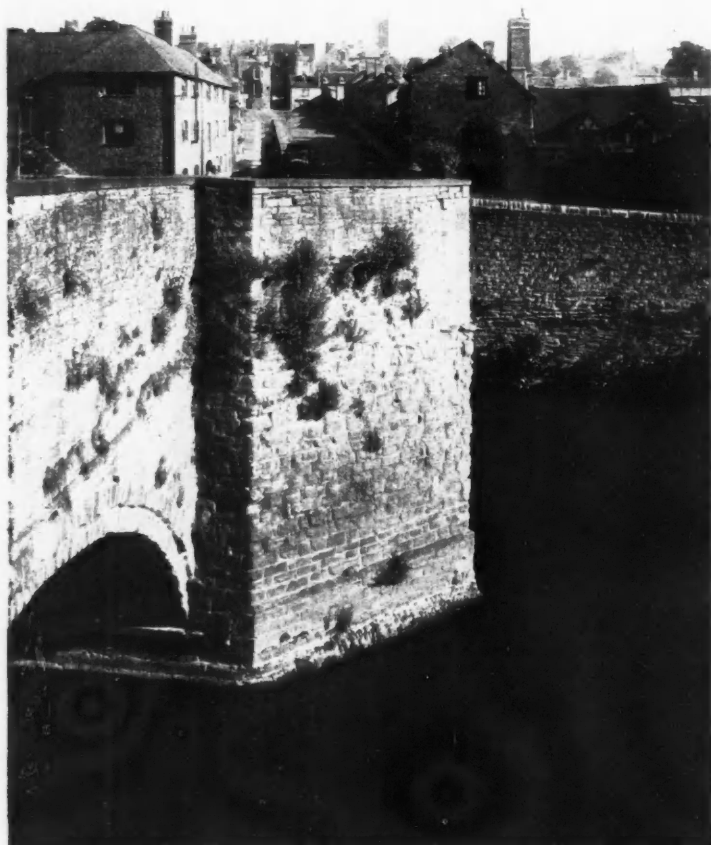
Castle, the hill-top town with its embattled approach, spacious streets and steep lanes lined with enchanting successions of buildings, crowned by the superb church and little baroque Butter Cross. The traditional harmony of Nature and building, of Church and State and Commons grown up together in a landscape at once fertile and wild, indeed the picture of the English Spirit that Ludlow presents is complete and astonishingly unimpaired.

So complete and yet unself-conscious, and with so little to jar the eye, that one has the illusion, alas, of being out of contemporary England—in an old Burgundian or Bavarian town, perhaps, set among wooded hills above some tributary of Rhine or Rhone. Beside

Ludford Bridge (Fig. 2) is an inn with a garden behind it furnished with benches where you can sit with a mug of beer beneath an arbour looking across the green swirling water below, up the steep streets opposite at the fantastic silhouette of town and castle. So strange is it in England now to be able to do so without also seeing hoardings, a gas works, a goods yard, and the mean back parts of garages and cinemas at the same time. Yet all is wholly English, the great trees, the soft warm colouring, the snug Georgian domesticity infusing the feudal shell. And if you climb the Whitcliff beyond the river—the alp-like slopes and hanging woods that have been Ludlow's own park for seven centuries—all foreign analogies are forgotten. The famous view of Ludlow across Dinham Bridge to the Clee Hills (Fig. 3) is an epitome of England at its loveliest, not to be surpassed anywhere.

Ludlow is particularly interesting as an example of traditional town and country planning, the aspect with which this article will deal. Not only is the Whitcliff view, just referred to, a model of exemplary landscape design; but the town itself, laid out on a rectangular plan as early as the eleventh century, is a remarkable and probably the earliest instance in England of a consciously laid-out town.

In Fig. 3 the main topographical and historic features are clearly seen. The precipitous bluff of a plateau (more accurately the end of a ridge geologically part of the hills lying west but pierced by the river) was fortified soon after the Conquest to hold the river crossing against the Welsh. This purpose, with the steepness of the slope and the bend of the Teme (joined just to the north by the Corve) have restricted building to the left bank and to the summit of the plateau, though the town quickly extended southwards from the castle to the crossing of the Teme at Ludford (Fig. 2). The significance of these two crossings, Ludford and Dinham, will be shown in a moment. From the Castle the town walls are extended along the bluff (on the right of Fig. 3), curving round to Broad Gate (Figs. 2 and 4), and so round the



2.—LUDFORD BRIDGE AND BROAD GATE, FROM THE SOUTH



3.—FROM WHITCLIFF. A VIEW OF CASTLE AND TOWN FROM THE SOUTH-WEST WHICH EPITOMISES ENGLAND AT ITS LOVELIEST. In the foreground, Dinham Bridge, and in the distance the Clee Hills

hilltop to rejoin the north-east corner of the castle. The summit of the hill is occupied by the great church of St. Lawrence, its tall 15th-century tower overtopping the Norman keep of the castle. As landscape planning, the most admirable feature is the clear-cut junction of town and country: the town and castle works rising dramatically from the tree-clad slopes which themselves rise sheer from river or flat meadowland. In particular the massive grouping of the trees planted in the eighteenth century at the base of the castle are invaluable as picturesque contrast both with the architecture and the level farm land northwards. Appropriately, in a man-made scene, the castle keep and St. Lawrence's tower crown the profile of the hill from all directions—except from the east. In that quarter the ground slopes to a saddle, and modern development, the railway and services, are unobtrusively disposed.

The level line of Dinham Bridge and the west ascent to the town, which are so effective in the Whitcliff view, are a relatively modern innovation. In Thomas Dinely's record of the Progress of the Duke of Beaufort, as Lord President of the Welsh Marches, in 1684, his drawing shows a timber bridge and such it must have been throughout the Middle Ages so as to be readily dismantled in event of attack from the west. The name of Dinham (early Welsh *din*, a fortified hill, and Saxon *ham*) may be that of the earliest settlement here, and was often applied to the castle in the early Middle Ages. For Ludlow, as a place, scarcely existed before the foundation



4.—BROAD GATE. THE SURVIVOR OF LUDLOW'S SIX 13TH-CENTURY GATES The semicircular flanking bastions are merged into Elizabethan and later houses

of the castle c. 1090. The name is derived variously from *hlude* "the loud one," i.e. the noisy Teme, or *leode*, "people," and *hlaw* "hill," often an artificial mound. Leland recorded that at the summit of the plateau there was such a law, an unusually large barrow, which was destroyed in the twelfth century (and the burials discovered therein sanctified as the bones of Irish saints) when the Saxon church was enlarged westward.

Whether or not a village existed round the "hill of the people" or "of the loud one" prior to the Conquest, the earliest church and also a market cross were erected beside it. But Ludlow is not mentioned in *Domesday*, being included anonymously in the large manor of Stanton Lacy of which the lord was Roger de Lacy. He it was who began fortifying the north-west corner of the plateau, and either he or his successor (his brother Hugh, who remained loyal when Roger rebelled unsuccessfully in 1095) caused the town to be laid out on its present lines.

There is the authority of both Sir W. St. John Hope and J. H. Round for the belief that, as with Windsor and Richmond (Yorkshire), Ludlow as a town did not exist before the building of the castle. The deliberate laying out of a town at that early date can be paralleled from Radnor and Montgomery, though Ludlow is the most extensive and



5.—BROAD STREET, ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS LAID OUT. c. 1100.

Leading up from Broad Gate to the Butter Market and St. Lawrence's church

impressive instance. Town development in these previously backward regions was part of Norman policy—and common sense in a local magnate—in order to stimulate trade-dues; and in the early Middle Ages Ludlow shared in the sheep and wool industry. Adam de Ludlow, the wool magnate who financed Edward I, was a local man, founded a priory in the town, and enlarged Stokesay Castle near by for his residence. There is some evidence for supposing that a number of the displaced Flemish weavers, settled by Henry I in Wales, were established

here. But, besides its capacities for defence and as a local wool centre, Ludlow was a potentially prosperous site owing to its standing on the most westerly north-south route parallel to the frontier, which carried a considerable pilgrim traffic to the miraculous well of St. Winifred on the Cheshire-Flint border. This route forded the Teme just south of the new town at Ludford, a few yards down stream from the bridge originally built at the end of the twelfth century (Fig. 2) Unlike Dinham Bridge, Ludford bridge was essentially a civilian foundation and carried a chapel with hospital attached.

The enclosing of the town by walls seems to have been begun or contemplated in 1233, following a visit of King Henry III in 1231, but many grants of murage between 1280 and 1317 show that the work was a long time in hand. The area enclosed, some 1,300 feet north to south by 1,700 feet east to west, is fairly regular, and the area within the walls laid out with such marked regularity that Hope (*Archæologia*, LXI, ii) was led to the view already quoted that it can be accepted, allowing for later mediæval alterations, as an authentic town plan of the twelfth century.

The chief modification was necessitated by the addition, about 1290, of the outer bailey to the Norman castle, which eliminated a large part of two main streets, one of which (the most westerly north-south street) disappeared, if it ever had been developed at all—see plan (Fig. 6). The other street curtailed was the wide High Street since largely built over by mediæval premises and a hideous 19th-century Market, which ran east and west along the spine of the plateau to the Norman castle gatehouse and formed



6.—PLAN OF THE WALLED TOWN, SHOWING LAY-OUT OF STREETS

The probable original street plan is tinted

Plan by Sir W. St. John Hope, based on the Ordnance Survey. From *Archæologia*, LXI

the broad principal thoroughfare. The area north of this High Street contains the church, the site of the original law, the old college of the Palmers' Guild with the Butter Cross (Fig. 1) on the site of the high or market cross. This stood at the intersection of the two main thoroughfares, and possibly Broad Street was continued northward by a road broader than the present College Street, which passes west of the church to the postern called Linney Gate. The only main north entrance to the town was by Corve Gate at the north-east corner, at the head of the present Corve Street (Fig. 8).

Southward from the original High Street three parallel main thoroughfares descend the slope, Old Street on the east running down to the ancient Lud ford, Broad Street (Fig. 5) leading from the Bridge via Broad Gate (Fig. 4), and Mill Street. West of Mill Street Hope detected in the lines of enclosures signs of a fourth main street never developed or abandoned after the enlargement of the castle. The area between Broad and Mill Streets is subdivided by the intersection of two narrow streets, Bell Lane and Raven Lane. That between Broad and Old Streets seems to have been similarly subdivided, though only the east-west Brand Lane survives; but here, as in the area west of Mill Street, the



8.—CORVE STREET, WITH THE FEATHERS INN

The northern approach to the hill-top town, looking towards the site of Corve Gate

sciously laid out, and that over 800 years ago. That this rectangular plan was popular is shown by its adoption elsewhere when a town was newly founded, as at Salisbury as late as 1225, and Winchelsea, laid out by a Royal Commission in 1283. The English *bastides* in Aquitaine, characterised by extreme regularity of plan, were laid out by persons sent out from England by command of Edward I in 1298.

That great antiquary Hudson Turner defined the characteristics of these early mediæval town plans nearly 100 years ago. "Their principal streets are wide, open, and straight, crossing each other at right angles only. There are always two parallel streets at a short distance apart connected by short streets at frequent intervals; and between them and parallel are narrow streets or lanes, corresponding to the modern mews and employed for the same purpose. By this means each plot of ground is of a uniform size and shape—a parallelogram with one end on a principal street and another on a lane. In some towns each plot, or even each house, was also divided by a narrow passage or court from street to lane, serving as a watercourse and surface drain"—as was noticed lately in the case of Burford.

In the succeeding articles we will examine some of the noteworthy buildings that have grown up along the Norman lines and see what they have to tell us of how buildings can stand enjoy-

ably together for such a long time. In the course of our investigations the great castle will also be explored which for six centuries occupied for Ludlow the place that Windsor Castle does to the town at its gates. During its occupation by the Mortimer Earls of March in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries Ludlow was indeed a political as well as an architectural rival of Windsor.

(To be continued).



7.—RAVEN LANE

Subsidiary street between Broad Street and Old Street

alignment of garden strips seems to confirm the original existence of this grid plan.

When it was decided to enclose the town, the wall was built following the top of the cliffs where existing but elsewhere rather arbitrarily as regards lines of streets. On the west and south it was set parallel to the river but as high as practicable. Only Broad Gate is still standing about 200 yards above Ludford Bridge, and retains its 13th-century gate passage and two semi-circular drum towers absorbed into later houses. The others were Corve Gate, Gulseford Gate approached from the east end of High Street by the narrow Tower Lane, Old Gate and Mill Gate at the foot of their respective streets, and Dinham Gate on the west just below the castle.

It is too often assumed that all old towns grew up promiscuously. Yet Sir William Hope's insight leaves no room for doubting that the streets of Ludlow, some of which still delight us by their spaciousness, were con-



9.—PORTICO OF THE BUTTER MARKET

Looking east into King Street

CHRISTMAS FOLK PLAYS

By JOHN M. BACON



Rischgitz

CHRISTMAS MUMMERS OF THE MID-NINETEENTH CENTURY

CHRISTMAS is upon us—a little better than the last for most of us—and it may not be out of place to bring forward one feature of country life collected from Berkshire and Sussex—a feature which is, I fear, dying out, if it is not dead.

In Berkshire the crude play given with this article was performed by the Mummers; in Sussex by the Tipteerers. Six or seven men, dressed in traditional garments, called in turn at the big and lesser houses of the village each Christmas Eve to perform it. A hearty knock on the door was followed by the entry of the players. The dress of the Berkshire men, which was brought out annually, was an old corduroy suit entirely smothered by ribbon decoration.

The topmost layer of ribbons—pink, blue and white, half an inch wide and a good foot long—was sewn round the collar. The lower ends hung over the tops of the next set of ribbons, while these in turn overlapped those lower still. An old felt hat was similarly treated, the row of ribbons obscuring the features of the wearer. Father Christmas, however, had a very seedy antique topper decorated in this way. It became the collecting-box for the group at the end of the play.

The swords used were good stout wooden staves each a yard or so long with a curved end, very like a hockey stick. The play in Victorian times was sometimes varied by St. George becoming King George, and the Turkish Knight

turning out to be a Russian Giant, but the words of the play were constant. The Crimean War may have temporarily influenced the players.

After the collection the actors, who stood in a wide circle for the presentation of the play, closed into a huddle, facing one another, and whispering, to settle which was to be the first song from the selection that followed. The songs were liable to vary slightly from year to year, a new one being added or an older one omitted. The actors were either choirmen or bell-ringers at the church.

The songs I remember best were those of over sixty years ago—some pathetic, some humorous—but each with a good tune and a chorus. They were accompanied by a shy and jerky concertina. After each one the title was spoken in a gruff monotone.

"God Save the King" was the signal for sandwiches and beer in the kitchen not far from the stage, which was any convenient room or hall in the house. Hob-nailed boots were tied round with sackcloth or cloth to avoid damaging a polished floor.

For the words of the play which I saw for many years in succession from 1880, at Swallowfield, in Berkshire, I am indebted to the book *Swallowfield and Its Owners*, by Lady Russell. The play by the Tipteerers is reproduced from the West Wittering Women's Institute Book, by permission of Miss Ramsay.

The songs and the script of the two plays are on the opposite page.



Ge o. Garland

SUSSEX TIPTEEERERS

THE SONGS.

Sung by the Christmas Mummers.

Then he whispered good-bye to his comrades so dear,
His head on his knapsack down he laid.

If you live to get home
You may tell them I am gone
And laid in a British Soldier's grave.

TITLE: *The Soldier's Farewell.*

How they tittered, how they laughed,
How my brothers and my sisters chaffed

When they heard the lawyer declare,
Grannie'd only left to me her old armchair.

TITLE: *The Old Armchair.*

Ninety years without slumbering, tick,
tick, tick,
Its life's seconds numbering, tick, tick,
tick.

But it stopped short, never to go again
When the old man died.

TITLE: *The Grandfather Clock.*

It never returned, it never returned
and its fate is all unknown,
and from that day to this they are
waiting, waiting,
for the ship that never returned.

TITLE: *The Ship that never returned.*

Oi tiddled 'er under the chin.
She turned 'er head and smiled;
Said she "Oh dear, if Mar were 'ere
She would be awfully woid."
Doant bather about yer Ma-mar,
For what Oi done was no sin,
For arl that oi done
Wer only in fun,
Oi tiddled 'er under the chin.

TITLE: *Oi tiddled 'er under the chin.*



A MUMMERS' PLAY IN PROGRESS IN HAMPSHIRE. THE CHARACTERS WEAR TRADITIONAL COSTUME AND HEAD- DRESS COMPRISING VARI-COLOURED LAYERS OF RIBBON

THE BERKSHIRE PLAY

THE MUMMERS

CHARACTERS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS *TURKISH KNIGHT
THE DOCTOR ST. GEORGE
THE DRAGON THE KING OF EGYPT

Enter TURKISH KNIGHT.—

Open your doors and let me in,
I hope your favours I shall win.
Whether I rise or whether I fall,
I'll do my best to please you all.

St. George is here and swears he will
come in,

And if he does I know he'll pierce my
skin.

If you will not believe what I do say,
Let Father Christmas come in—clear
the way.

Enter FATHER CHRISTMAS.—

Here come I, old Father Christmas.
Welcome or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.

I am come here not to laugh or jeer
But for a pocketful of money and a
skinkful of beer.

If you will not believe what I do say,
Come in, King of Egypt—clear the
way.

Enter THE KING OF EGYPT.—

Here I the King of Egypt boldly do
appear.

St. George, St. George, walk in, my
only son and heir;†

Walk in, my son, St. George, and
boldly act thy part,

That all the people here may see thy
wondrous art.

Enter ST. GEORGE.—

Here come I, St. George: from Britain
did I spring.

I'll fight the Dragon bold; my won-
ders to begin,

I'll clip his wings, he shall not fly,
I'll cut him down or else I die.

Enter THE DRAGON.—

Who's he that seeks the Dragon's
blood,
And calls so angry and so loud?
That English dog, will he before me
stand?
I'll cut him down with my courageous
hand.

(Battle to battle, 'twixt you and oi
To see which on the ground shall loi.)
ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON fight.
The latter is killed.

FATHER CHRISTMAS.—

Is there a doctor to be found
All ready near at hand,
To cure a deep and deadly wound
And make the Champion stand?

(After slight delay)—

I'll give five pounds to have that
noble doctor here.

(After further dramatic delay)—

I'll give ten pounds to have that
noble doctor here.

Enter THE DOCTOR.—

All sorts of disease,
Whatever you please,
The mullygrubs, the palsy and the
gout.

If the Devil's in, I'll blow him out.
I carry a little bottle of alicampagne;
Here, Jack, take a little of my flip flop,
Pour it down thy tip-top,

Rise up and fight again.

*The Doctor makes much by-play with a
horse's tooth and a large pair of pincers
and affects to draw the tooth before
saying—*

Rise up, etc.

*Then sometimes ST. GEORGE fights and
kills THE TURKISH KNIGHT, and the
performance ends with FATHER CHRIST-
MAS going round with the hat.*

* THE TURKISH KNIGHT might be
Emirenus, the commander of the
Egyptian army, killed by Godefroi de
Bonillon, the Christian general. Tasso,
in his *Jerusalem Liberata*, makes
this Turk speak in the same boasting
style as the Mummers do; he says, in
reference to the Christians:

Io mi confido

Sol col' ombra fugarli e sol col grido.

We'll make them fly

With our bare shadows and our cry.
† ST. GEORGE, my only son and
heir. ST. GEORGE married Sabra, the
daughter of the King of Egypt, and
according to the tale given in *Percy's
Reliques* (III, iii, 2) brought her to
England and lived at Coventry.

THE SUSSEX PLAY

THE THIPTEERERS.

CHARACTERS.

FATHER CHRISTMAS ST. GEORGE
THE TURKISH SNIPE (identified as the
TURKISH KNIGHT) THE DOCTOR

Enter FATHER CHRISTMAS.—

Here come I, old Father Christmas.
Christmas or not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot.

Make room, make room here, gallant
boys,

And give us room to rhyme,
We've come to show activity
Upon a Christmas time.

Acting youth or acting age,
The like was never acted on this stage.

If you don't believe what I now say,
Enter ST. GEORGE and clear the way.

ST. GEORGE.—

Here comes I, St. George the valiant
man

With naked sword and spear in hand,
Who fought the dragon and brought
him to the slaughter

And for this won the King of Egypt's
daughter.

What man or mortal dare to stand
Before me with my sword in hand?
I'll slay him and cut him as small as
the flies

And send him to Jamaica to make
mince pies.

TURKISH KNIGHT.—

Here comes I, a Turkish Knight,
In Turkish land I learned to fight:
I'll fight St. George with courage bold
And if his blood's hot I'll make it cold.

ST. GEORGE.—

If thou art a Turkish Knight,
Draw thy sword and let us fight.
They fight. THE TURK is killed.

ST. GEORGE.—

Ladies and gentlemen,
You see what I've done,
I've cut this Turk down

Like the evening sun.

Is there any doctor that can be found
To cure this Knight of his deadly
wound?

DOCTOR.—

Here comes I, a doctor,
A ten pound doctor,
I've a little bottle in my pocket
Called hokum, shocum, alicampagne.

I'll touch his nose, eyes, mouth and
chin,

And say Rise, dead man! and he'll
fight again.

*He gives THE TURK some medicine and
he gets up again.*

ST. GEORGE.—

Here I am, St. George, with shining
armour bright.

I am a famous champion, also a
worthy knight.

Seven long years in a close cave was
kep'

And out of that into prison lep'.
From out of that into a rock of stones,
There I laid down my weary bones.

Many a giant did I subdue
And ran a fiery dragon through.

I fought the Man of Tillowtree
And still may gain the victory.

First fought I in France,

Then I fought in Spain.

And now I've come to Wittering
To fight The Turk again.

They fight again. ST. GEORGE wins.

ST. GEORGE.—

Where is the doctor that can be found
To cure The Turk of his deadly
wound?

DOCTOR.—

Hocus, pocus, alicampagne,
Rise, Turkish Knight, to fight again.

Ladies and gentlemen, our play is
ended,
Our money-box is recommended.
Copper or silver or gold, if you can,
Five or six shillings will do us no harm.

PRACTICE IN EXCELSIS

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

THERE was an occasion—it was in the little affair of Lord Robert St. Simon—when Lestrade triumphantly produced a document to confute Sherlock Holmes and Holmes found the clue on the wrong side of it. Something of the same kind has just happened to me; one subject was proffered me and I found in it quite another. A correspondent, to whom my best thanks, wrote to me on the subject of the behaviour of a golf ball in the wind. I smelt science in it and shied away accordingly. When I was at school a master wrote at the end of something called a "science abstract" that it was wholly unworthy of anyone of the name of Darwin. He was doubtless right, but my withers remained unwrung, for I never could abide the stuff. So now I was too conscious of my own infirmity on this question of ballistics, if it may so be termed. Still I will get the powder over before the jam and set down my correspondent's problem for other people to answer if they like.

He was playing iron shots and occasionally spoon shots up to a green against the wind and both he and his caddie thought that they noticed the ball "hover or rock like a hawk about to swoop." He asks if it is possible that the ball really did so or whether this was an "optical psychological delusion." I am familiar with the look of a ball that seems to hover and pause, as he describes it, but what it really does I do not know. I rather think this phenomenon was more noticeable with a gutty than with the modern ball. There was a particular type of shot that produced it, and it was generally played by those who had the ball relatively far back and the right foot forward. "Mr. John Ball, junior, and Jamie Allan," wrote Mr. Hutchinson, "drive a class of ball which is doubtless, in both, the outcome of the similarity which has been noted in their styles. Their balls start low flying from the club, then rise, as the initial velocity begins to diminish, and after making a great carry, drop to the ground comparatively dead." The Rev. J. G. McPherson says of Allan Robertson that his ball against the wind "rose so gradually that at last it rested in the air before falling." That, I take it, is the kind of stroke my correspondent means and perhaps the spirit of Allan Robertson had entered into him when he played it.

With that I metaphorically turn his letter over and, like Holmes, discover the really interesting and exciting things on the back. Surely it is exciting to hear of a man practising iron shots at, of all holes in the world, the eleventh, the High-hole-in, on the Old Course at St. Andrews. I at least have never heard of anyone doing such a thing before, if only because, when I have been there, two couples have as a rule been waiting to play the hole. A mere practiser would have been in the position of the Cambridge Proctor to whom C. I. Thornton observed "Old cock, you've got no *locum standi*. The accusative's all right, isn't it?" I suppose I might have done it myself on the only two Winter days that I ever spent at that hallowed spot, but I am quite sure that I did not.

My correspondent did; he trudged all the way out to the end of the course with three clubs, six old balls and a small retrieving boy, and he had the whole place beautifully to himself. This utter emptiness he accounts for by the fact that it was a Monday. It was not always thus, witness old Mr. Sutherland's horrified remark to Mr. Blakewood, who said he had to work: "God bless me! Are you going to waste a Monday?" Still it was so on this occasion, nor was that all. My correspondent is a professional writer and a very good one: so I feel I must not steal his thunder. Though sorely tempted to extract his charming description I will simply say that it was a perfectly fine, clear Winter's day. So he would have enjoyed himself even if he had played bad

shots, but it seems that he played good ones; the hovering ball, as I gather, often ended by sitting down near the flag, so that he must have been quite ecstatically happy and only the presence of the small boy can have kept him from leaping and dancing with joy.

Now, leaving on one side his felicity, I want to draw attention to the virtue and sturdy good sense of the man. Many of us have at times practised iron shots, but comparatively few have practised a real shot at a real hole, still less at one of the most difficult short holes in the world. We do not even do the next best thing and stick up a post at which to aim. Indeed our aim is general rather than particular, and we are content to hit the ball cleanly without thinking too much of the direction. If we are in a meadow we probably take a distant tree in the hedge as our line, but supposing, as sometimes happens, our first ball goes towards another tree, we shift our target in the mind's eye. As a result we do not realise that some of our balls, which appear to have been well enough hit, would have plumped into a bunker had we been playing up to a real green. The main object of an iron shot is straightness, and to aim at things in general is not the way to attain it.

No such charge of enervating indolence can be brought against my correspondent. There was Strath on one side and the Hill bunker on the other to show him exactly, in our modern phrase, where he got off. If he hooked he went almost inevitably into the Hill; if he sliced there was Strath waiting for him with hungry

jaws, and if he went too far, perhaps with a half-topped shot, the small boy would have to pursue the ball into the Eden. There was precious little chance here for any "optical psychological delusion." He could tell his precise percentage of straight shots out of every six balls that he launched at the boy's head.

As I said, he apparently played a considerable number of excellent shots and he may now imagine that he has exorcised all fear of the hole and has mastered it once and for all. As to that I feel some doubt. The hole looks alarming, especially in a cross wind, and has such a long tradition of disaster behind it, that a man might put ninety-nine consecutive balls on the green and yet be prostrated with terror on teeing the hundredth. I remember one Summer when I spent some weeks at St. Andrews and had an almost unbroken run of successes at that particular hole; but when it last it came to a medal round I was just as frightened as ever. There are some strokes that must always quicken the pulse before-hand and produce a sigh of relief afterwards.

However, this is no time for any but the handsomest sentiments and I am full of genuine admiration of my correspondent, for walking so far to put himself to so stern a test. This, I am sure, was the way of the great practisers of history—the Macfies, the Hiltons and the Travises—to take the most difficult shot they could find and hammer away till they had, as far as was humanly possible, conquered it. Where I particularly admire him, because in this I could never emulate him, is in taking his caddie with him. Despite all the saving of trouble I should find the boy's presence inhibiting. I could not deliriously exclaim "Heureka," if that confounded brat was there to think I had gone mad. If ever I go practising at the High hole, and it is extremely unlikely, I shall go alone.

MODELS FOR THE NEWER MOTORING

By OLIVER STEWART

A GLIMMER of hope for motoring in Great Britain can be discerned in the set of statistics issued the other day by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders. Whereas in July and August, 1943, there were 25 and 26 new motor-car registrations respectively; in July and August, 1945, there were 359 and 510. The figures are rising rapidly.

The day is already in sight, therefore, when the genuine enthusiasts will be able to use the roads once more. And there is this to be remembered, that the motor industry in Great Britain receives an impetus from these enthusiasts. They provide it with the inspiration which gives British cars their characteristic qualities. The official view that it will be possible to build up a large export trade without the foundation formed by the enthusiasts at home is fallacious.

In the factories there is already a stirring of design enterprise. Austin, Daimler, Ford, Standard, Vauxhall and Wolseley models have been announced. There is at least one experimental kind of car in the offing, the small, cheap twin-cylinder model of French design sponsored by a Member of Parliament for construction in this country.

The experimental models, however, are likely to be few at first. The initial steps will be to get on to the roads motor-cars of well-tried pattern, which will be able to give reasonably good service and performance for low prices. The 1939 models and 1940 models will be re-appearing in slightly modified form.

That is the right step. It would be useless to attempt at the present moment to swing the industry over to large-scale experimenting with new ideas and new forms of construction. The first need is to get people on the roads again and that need will be fulfilled by producing many cars of tried design rather than a few cars of entirely new design.

At the moment, however, the amount of motoring is controlled, not by industry, not by production or even purchasing power; but by

government order. The whole process of motoring, from the buying of a car to the buying of petrol, is restricted by regulation. Until there is more petrol there cannot be much more motoring.

For the economics of motoring are such that the mileage must mount beyond a certain point before the cost per mile becomes reasonable. With a car on which the tax is in the order of £30, for instance, the petrol allowed at the time of writing is so little that the cost per mile works out at a fantastic figure. It is the old story of utilisation. The greater the utilisation, the lower, other things being equal, the cost per mile run. Although other things are not equal, there is a critical point at which a car becomes an economical means of transport.

Big cars especially must be used hard if they are to show a good economic rendering. Yet the petroleum officers do not seem to appreciate this. It is their job—they seem to say—to prevent people getting petrol and they are not concerned with whether the applicant has paid a huge tax for the privilege of getting his car on the road or not. There is no chance of a reduction in taxation for some time so that, until petrol is free, there is small inducement to the economically-minded to get out their old cars or to try to buy new ones.

Reductions in the price of petrol are for the motorist, derisory while rationing remains. The first step towards the newer motoring, then, is the freeing of petrol. There have been so many stories about the huge supplies in this country that it is hard to know why the rationing should still be so rigid. Perhaps it has something to do with the exchange.

It is difficult to guess where the petrol goes, now that the thousands of British and American bombers are no longer pouring it away on military operations. Anyhow, popular motoring will not re-start here until petrol is completely free. Small concessions here and there will do little to help.

After the petrol there must come the cars.

At the moment they are almost ahead of the petrol. Many manufacturers are working up rapidly to a full production programme.

After the cars there will come the roads. In logic the road improvements should come first; but labour is not likely to be available for big road improvements for months; perhaps for years. The motorists of to-day and to-morrow must be prepared to put up with the roads as they are.

All the fine schemes that were being prepared before the war must wait. The roads are known to be inadequate for modern traffic requirements, but the traffic will have to suit itself to the roads and not the roads to the traffic until other more pressing needs have been fulfilled.

Reference has been made to an experimental, small-size motor-car of French design that is to be built in Britain. This is the GREGOIRE design and it has many features of the greatest interest. The aim is to make a very small engine, which uses very little petrol, do a great deal of work.

When a small engine is tried beyond a certain point, the result is always lack of trustworthiness and poor road performance. Yet something is possible, with the use of modern methods and modern metals, to improve the balance between useful and useless work. The chassis of the car and its accessories and equipment, for instance, can be lightened by the extensive use of aluminium alloys and by good, integral design.

If these parts are drastically lightened, the power-weight ratio is improved, there is better road performance and there can be higher trustworthiness. The French have always had interesting ideas on these lines. The Citroën is one of the best-known examples. It has the integral body-frame construction and it is lightly built, while the front drive enables the car to be low and yet to provide room in the back with a flat floor.

One has to recognise, however, that in practice (though it ought not to be so in theory) the too-intensive search for good power-weight ratio may lead to an uncomfortable ride. It is most difficult to combine a really high power-weight ratio with smooth, comfortable running on inferior roads.

This point was made clear by some Italian and German cars of the 1939 period. They created a great stir by their extremely light weight for their power. They had remarkable performance capabilities. Yet they were not so comfortable as many slower British cars with poorer power-weight ratios.

The facts seem to be that there is a public for the high-performance motor-car, even if it is not very comfortable; and that there is also a public for the low-performance extremely comfortable car.

It would be one of the dangers of too great an official emphasis upon standardisation that it could take no count of such individual matters of choice. It would have to settle what people

were to have and then to force them to have it, whether they liked it or not. It is incomparably better, as well as more efficient in the end, to give the fullest possible freedom to manufacturers. They then study the markets in which they are interested and the result is perhaps a wide variety of cars, but they are cars which will fit the different needs and different tastes of different people.

Where the authorities could do much to help to put motoring on its feet would be in devising a planned and standardised treatment of parking. At the moment, different places differ in their methods. Some insist on parking on one side of the road only; others make it on alternate sides; others again forbid it except in authorised parks.

Then there is the difference between standing and parking. A person may leave his car standing while he goes to make a purchase; but no one seems to know after what length of time it would be held that he had parked the vehicle.

The Ministry of Transport would do the community a valuable service if it could help the local authorities to devise, and could then persuade them to adopt, a standardised procedure. Where the pretence is that there must be no parking at all, the rule is broken and always will be broken. Some kind of provision must be made and it is time that a scheme fitted to the admitted inadequacies of the existing roads were prepared.

CORRESPONDENCE

OUR TIMBER RESERVES

SIR,—The Ministry of Supply's recent statement on the total number of timber trees (hardwoods and softwoods) in the Kingdom is one that should be carefully studied by everyone who has the welfare of the country at heart. It is the first attempt for 100 years, or perhaps for all time, to place on record the reserve of timber trees of all our forest lands.

The quantities have been represented in "import tons," on the basis of 40 cubic feet for hardwoods and 66 cubic feet for softwoods, and in reckoning the totals, not only the timber trees in woodlands, but also amenity and hedgerow trees are included. A survey was begun in 1937 and continued for two years, but whether it was ever completed is not clear. The account was prepared with the utmost care and diligence by taking large-scale ordnance maps, disregarding all woodlands of 5 acres

or less, making a careful survey of part of the remainder, and multiplying the whole area according to the average of the sample plot in each case.

Such a basis of reckoning may no doubt be better than nothing at all, but the question arises whether in the greater number of instances, or in every case, the timber trees of the area concerned may have been denuded and those remaining of little value. Certainly the parks and coppices held by landowners have been largely cleared of all the timber trees. Such places as Richmond Park, the New Forest, the Forest of Dean, Savernake Forest, etc., which to the eye of the uninformed appear to be richly wooded, are yet incapable of yielding more than 10 per cent. of that quality and size of timber which is required for all ordinary purposes. Innumerable parks have still such an abundance of green foliage that they give a wrong impression, since we know that private owners have supplied 95 per cent. of the sawn hard-



TWELFTH-CENTURY ARCHES OF SWARKESTON BRIDGE



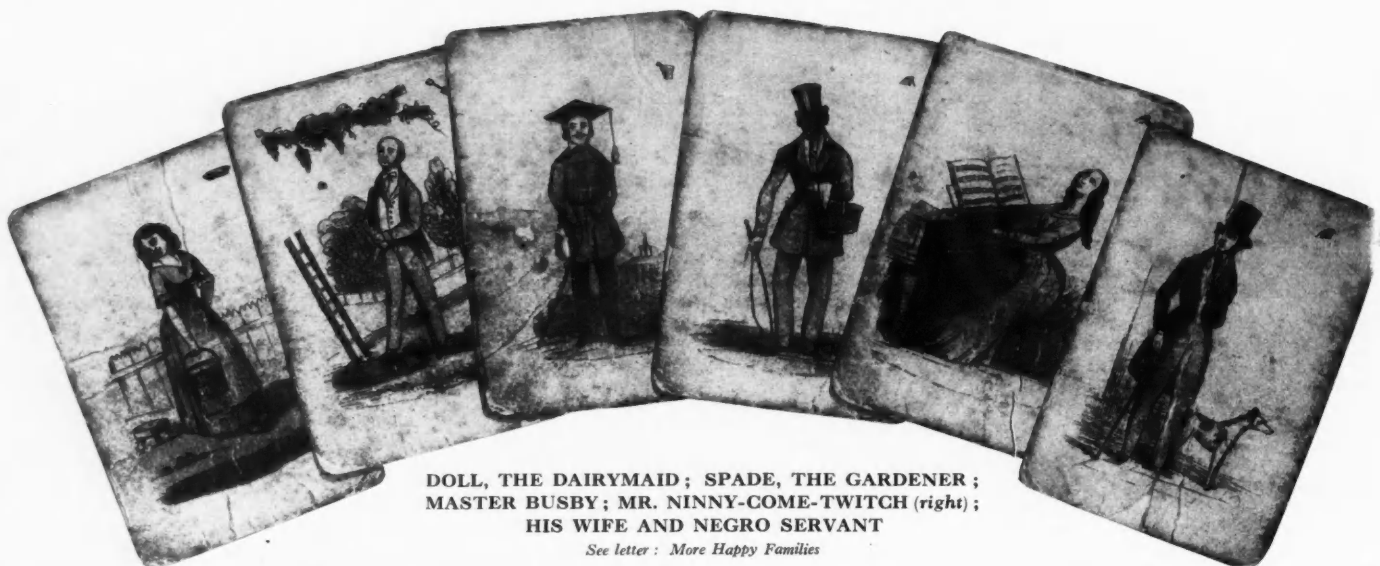
THE SOUTH APPROACH TO SWARKESTON BRIDGE

See letter: Swarkeston Bridge's Place in History (Page 1102)

woods produced in England and Wales, and 98 per cent. of the sawn hardwoods produced in Scotland. This is a great tribute to the private owners, and is a strong contradiction to that clause in the 1943 Report of the Forestry Commission (para. 47): "The total effort (of private landowners) was consequently quite inadequate for maintaining private woodlands in a productive state."

The information that one-third of the country's hardwoods and two-thirds of the softwoods have been consumed during the six years of war suggests that the remainder will consist only of inferior trees. We must not overlook that all timber required for telegraph transmission, Army obstruction poles, pickets, wood-wool, pulpwood, and by-products has been excluded, and these in the aggregate represent an immense added quantity. The normal supply of softwoods to the British sawmills, on the basis of 66 feet cube to the ton, was 5,000,000 tons (import), and a calculation based upon the figures given by the Ministry would show that our remaining store of softwoods would meet only four months' supply on the pre-war basis.

The statement is disquieting. There can be little doubt that the



DOLL, THE DAIRYMAID; SPADE, THE GARDENER;
MASTER BUSBY; MR. NINNY-COME-TWITCH (right);
HIS WIFE AND NEGRO SERVANT

See letter: *More Happy Families*

general public view with apathy the whole question of reforestation of the country, and the question arises as to whether the publication of these figures, important and useful as they are, may not create the impression that all is well. The subject calls for searching enquiry, in which a number of those engaged in the home-grown timber trade, representatives of the two great arboricultural institutions, land-owners, and estate agents, should surely take part.—A. L. HOWARD, *Staplecross, Sussex*.

SWARKESTON BRIDGE'S PLACE IN HISTORY

SIR,—The invasion of England by the Young Pretender exactly 200 years ago, and his retreat from Derby, has focused attention on Swarkeston Bridge, the most southerly point reached by his soldiers.

This most interesting mediæval structure is nearly a mile long, and consists of a raised causeway winding over the meadows and rising and falling over many arches. A total of 15 ancient arches are spaced in groups unequally along its length, and a fine group at the south approach has been ascribed to the thirteenth century. Here once stood a chantry chapel, but this was looted during the Reformation and it fell into ruin. Resting on the low parapet in one of the many V recesses, and watching the martins flitting under the arches where their nests are securely anchored to the ribbed masonry, it is easy to give rein to the imagination, and see in the mind's eye the rumbling stage coach, or the laden packhorses, for this road was once the main highway from north to south through the Midlands.

Such an important river crossing was of great strategic value, and on the arrival of the Scottish army in Derby on December 4, 1745, soldiers were sent on to Swarkeston to secure a bridgehead over the Trent. They were recalled on the 6th following a stormy council in Derby, where Prince Charlie's desire to continue to London was overruled. A century earlier the bridge was fought for in the Civil War, and held for Parliament for the duration.

Legend has it that the origin of Swarkeston Bridge is owed to two sisters whose lovers were drowned in the flooded river, and even to-day the meadows each side are submerged in Winter. Perhaps the happiest memory of Swarkeston Bridge is of the youthful Herbert Spencer fishing here in the moonlight, for in his *Autobiography* he describes how, when living with his parents in Derby, finding he could not sleep, he "got up, dressed, sallied out, walked to Swarkeston, five miles off, and began fishing by moonlight."—FRANK RODGERS, *Derby*.

MORE HAPPY FAMILIES

SIR,—Your recent article on the immortal game of Happy Families has made me wonder whether you might be interested to see an earlier version of this pastime, and I enclose the treasure for your inspection.

The covering case no longer exists, but these cards have been in my father's family for certainly a century; four generations have played with them.

You may know who published these attractive little pictures: the inspired genius who invented the name of Ninny-come-twitch deserves to be remembered. It has always been a favourite epithet in the family, long past nursery days.

We have besides another collective card game called Ship Sails, with 12 ships and crews—I should judge not so old (anyway it is cleaner!) and not so attractive.—EDITH M. HUNT, *Haycocks, Baldock Street, Ware, Hertfordshire*.

THE FUTURE OF THE COUNTRY HOUSE

SIR,—Miss Roddick's suggestion (November 30) as to using our large country mansions to provide fair-rented apartments for distinguished men and women is admirable, and if properly carried out would save many of Britain's fine old buildings from destruction and ensure their preservation for all time.

One difficulty which might arise

would be financial, as to modernise these old houses satisfactorily I imagine the interiors would be made into flats, and this would be a costly business.

The distinguished people who served their country well and who would be eligible are by no means rich; their pensions on retirement are small and they would not be in a position to pay towards the cost of conversion and adaptation for up-to-date requirements. This will have to be taken into consideration, but it does not present an insuperable obstacle, and a practical solution can certainly be found.—DOROTHY ALLHUSEN, *Easterton, Devizes, Wiltshire*.

A DECEMBER SWALLOW

SIR,—I was surprised to-day (December 8) to see a swallow busily hunting for insects. The bird was flying among a large herd of cattle and constantly passing under the beasts. It was in a very bedraggled state and its tail feathers and wing-tips were mud-stained and dirty. It very rarely rose above a few inches from the ground, although it was flying quite strongly. It looked about three-quarters grown and had not fully obtained its adult plumage. In all I saw it on four occasions and each time watched it for about twenty minutes. It never once left the vicinity of the cattle.

In spite of its late appearance I am aware that this is not a record.—E. B. JACKSON, *Cae Mawr Farm, Dwyran, Anglesey*.



A PEW NUMBER IN WARCOP CHURCH

See letter: *Sugar-plates and Pews*

SUGAR-PLATES AND PEWS

SIR,—Readers of that very sporting journalist Gervase Markham will remember his directions for the Banquet of Marchpane (*English Housewife*, 1637, page 136):

I will now proceed to the ordering or setting forth of a Banquet wherein you shall observe that Marchpanes have the first place, the middle place, and the last place. . . . You shall first send forth from your Closet a dish made for show only, as Beast, Bird, Fische, Fowle, according to the invention: then your Marchpane, then preserved fruit, then a Paste, then a wet Sucket, then a dry Sucket, Marmalade, Comfits, Apples, Pears, Wardens, Oranges and Limons sliced . . . and this will not only appear delicate to the eye, but invite the appetite with the much variety thereof.

Many trenchers for these desserts were turned and painted also "for show only." They have accumulated quite a literature since Triphook provided the antiquaries of 1811 with a reprint of the *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589, I, xxx:—

There be also other like Epigrammes that were sent vsually for new yeares giftes or to be printed or put vpon banquetting dishes of sugar plate or marchpanes and such other dainty meates as by the curtesie of custome euery gest might carry from a common feast home with him to his house and were made for the nonce, they were called *Nenia* or *apophoreta*, and neuer contained aboue one verse or two at most, but the shorter the better. We call them Posies and do pat them nowadays vpon the backe sides of our fruit trenchers of wood or use them as deuises in rings and arms and about such like counry purposes.

Pictura and *Poesis* included best fables, characters, rather after G-aubon and Earle, lots, sibyls, flowers, knotting ornament, and the nice penetrating Bible texts. They served the purpose of Christmas caps and cracker mottoes. "Sydney's sist" received a bouquet from Mr. William Smithe, and in it:

THE PRIMEROSE

The Primrose is the faire Spring's harbinger,
The first sweete flower the wealthie Earth doth yeeld
After the Heauns's haue newe crown'd the yeare,
No flower appeares before it in the feelde:
So in trew worthe and vertue I do finde
You are the firste, the rest come lagg behinde.
No less a poet than the author of *Orchestra* turned his pen upon:

THE PHYSICIAN

I Studdy to upphould the slippery
state of man,
Who dyes when we have donne, the
best and all wee can,
From practise and from bookes I
draw my learned skill,
Not from the known receiptes of
pottcaries bill,
The earth my faultes doth hide, the
world my cares doe see,
What youth and tyme effectes is oft
ascribed to me.

The domestic rite died hard. The Viscountess Longueville, of Brandon, Wiltshire, who departed this life in her late nineties in 1763, invariably had "the lots" brought out after dinner.

A rare application of the sugar plume in her day may be seen in St. Comba's Church, Warcop, off the Brugh-Appleby road. The pew number-plates (as illustration), painted in black and purplish red on oak, are taken from a typical roundel design of the late seventeenth century, the text or motto in the centre being replaced by the number. They are uniform in pattern and 10½ ins. in diameter, as follows: N. Side Nave: (from West): 42, 64, 27, 28, 31-35, 59, 6, 43, 45. S. Side Nave: 58-57, 55-54. N. Side South Aisle: 60-63. S. Side South Aisle: 19-10. Bleaturn Chapel: 1. It will be seen that 36 numbers remain out of an original series of perhaps 1-64. Worms have caused alterations in recent years; the flutes suggest that some doors have long been re-hung wrongly.

On July 13, 1703, William Nicolson, F.R.S. in 1705 and Bishop of Carlisle 1702-18, found the Quire "a little ruinous." He had it out with Mr. Richard Braithwaite of Warcop, the "Patron and Impropiator," and agreed that it be "presently rebuilt in a handsome manner." The body of the church was then "decently enough seated" with Laudian pews of 1616, but in 1714 the Rev. Richard Ward, Vicar since 1684, was succeeded by the Rev. Matthew Lamb, donor of the existing chalice and paten and described as a man of parts. No doubt this new broom was responsible for the pewing of 1716. But behind him stands the figure of Bishop Nicolson, a man of taste (as his Visitations abundantly show) with an eagle eye for the maintenance of plant. The movement for the "beautification"



A ROUT AT BATH, 1816

See letter: Christmas at Bath in the Days of Nash

of churches had reached high zenith in London twenty-five years before; and the form of the figure 1 is conservative.

The identity of C. W. or G. W. is uncertain. The photograph, and the information about Mr. Lamb are due to the kindness of his successor, the Rev. A. MacLeod Murray.—W. A. THORPE, 8, Oak Hill Park, Hampstead Heath, N.W.3.

CHRISTMAS AT BATH IN THE DAYS OF NASH

SIR,—With regard to the recent difficulties at Hampstead as to destruction of historic buildings, in order to make room for new houses, I notice in few letters any allusion to the spring of

chalybeate waters in that immediate neighbourhood at Well Walk, opposite Gainsborough Gardens. In the diaries of the eighteenth century, the tonic efficacy of this spring is frequently mentioned; a structure still preserves its purity and with interesting care the pool beneath for dogs, cats and birds is *in situ*.

After the fatigues of the Autumn gaieties in London the drinking of waters at Hampstead, Cheltenham, Tunbridge Wells, or Bath was considered a sovereign remedy for over-fatigue, and at Christmas the festivities of the season were not neglected, especially at fashionable Bath. There were parties for the children and their parents, a little dinner of 16, at home, perhaps, with plum pudding on fire

and snapdragon alight with brandy—20 children dressed up as fairies and grandfather enjoying it all.

There were routs at all the great houses, so many to be attended, and assemblies at the Rooms, with much parade and etiquette, according to the Rules of Beau Nash, the so-called King. The clamour rose high, for gossip was popular, especially when a fan was placed against the lips, to modify the sound of a whispered name. In the Victoria and Albert Museum there are hand screens by the silhouette artist Gray, who shows us the company, and gives us the original "Receipt for a Rout."

"Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can get—place them in a room with a slow fire—stir them well—have ready a pianoforte, a harp, a handful of books, or prints—put them in from time to time, when the mixture begins to settle, sweeten with a little politeness (if you have it), if not, flattery will do and is very cheap. When all have stewed together two or three hours, put in two or three turkeys, some tongues, sliced beef or ham; tarts, cakes and sweetmeats, and some bottles of wine: the more you put in, the better, and the more successful your rout will be. N.B. fill your room quite full and let the scum run off of itself.—F. A. GRAY—fecit."

I am sending you for reproduction the silhouettes of two of Gray's Bath hand screens.—EMILY NEVILL JACKSON, 2, Southview Villa, East Street, Mayfield, Sussex.

CHINESE CONDOLENCE

SIR,—The following is a translation of a letter from the Superintendent of Customs at Canton to my grandfather's family on the death of one of his brothers through drowning. It was written on February 22, 1879, and may interest some of your readers owing to its quaint style.

The Commander of the Revenue Cutter *Si Chi*, Albert Fry, was much esteemed by the Superintendent of Customs for his diligence and attention to his official duties. In the 9th month of the fourth year of Kuang Hsu, there suddenly arose a violent wind so that the vessel with all on board was carried away, no one knows whither, and no tidings of them have since



EVENING ENTERTAINMENT. F. A. GRAY fecit 1816

See letter: Christmas at Bath in the Days of Nash



OLD TOM THE SQUATTER

See letter: *The Hermit of the Downs*

been heard. The Superintendent on being informed of the sad event was sincerely grieved, and on his hearing further that the deceased has a father and brothers, he was still more affected by reflection on how bitterly they must mourn his loss. But when we think that the length or shortness of life is fore-ordained, that it is hard to escape from calamities and that vicissitudes such as this are not of common occurrence there only remains for us to bow before the decrees of Heaven. The father and brothers of Captain Fry ought not then to give way entirely to the poignancy of their grief, but comfort themselves for

last time I saw him he was sitting outside his shack smoking a pipeful of coltsfoot leaves. A wild grey squirrel perched on his shoulder. The squirrel, sensing a stranger, scampered away at my approach.

He once kept a tame badger which he found as a cub wandering on the hillside. It followed him about like a dog and he trained it to hunt truffles.

Badgers, he once told me, have a keen nose for truffles and will indicate their locality by scraping long troughs beneath beech trees.

"A gentleman at Portsmouth used to call in his car to collect all the truffles I could find," Tom informed me, "but that was before the war and there don't seem no demand for 'em nowadays."

Tom admitted that he did not care for truffles. To him they tasted earthy. His favourite dish was a young hedgehog. "I cook them like the gypsies do," he used to say. "Roll them in clay and bake in the fire. Beats any Spring chicken for flavour."

I learned many things from Old Tom: that his home-grown substitute for tea was the dried leaves of the wild thyme; that coltsfoot leaves made an excellent tax-free smoke and that the young shoots of bracken were known as "the poor man's asparagus."

Old Tom was certainly a character with a philosophy born from many years with Nature. Left an orphan at an early age he worked on various farms and then started business on his own as a rabbit-catcher.

His greatest pride was his garden, which he fashioned out of the down-side and surrounded with wire netting to keep out the rabbits. This was always well stocked with many kinds of vegetables grown from seed of his own saving.

"Never need go short of grub if you knows how to grow it and catch it," he used to say.

thatch of *cadjans* (dried and plaited coconut leaves) to protect the contents from sun, rain and dust.

The interesting point is that the oil from the copra is crushed out when the heavy upright pestle is worked round by a pair of oxen yoked to a transverse beam. The man who drives the bullocks round and round sits near the end of a long handle attached to the pivot at the bottom of the mortar, while, during the movement, it is not unusual to see two or three of the rural urchins perching in the middle of this horizontal bar, and enjoying what is to them a jolly merry-go-round. In the course of this circular progress, one can hear the *chekku* creaking loudly. Sometimes, when the machinery is not well greased, the noise this simple mill makes at work is ear-splitting.

But, all the same, the oil is extracted—and the driver enjoys the work, and the children the fun.

It may be mentioned that the copra which is prepared for oil-extraction in the rural parts is not always subjected to the drying process in a modern and up-to-date oven or kiln. Instead, the village folks, after splitting the coconuts into halves dexterously with an axe, open the fruits out and dry them in the sun on the open, sandy ground. Then, the kernel is scooped out of the husked half-shell with a knife, before it is further dried into copra and sorted out to be dropped into the mortar of the *chekku* to be crushed into oil.

Coconut-oil, by the way, besides serving several local uses, for example in dietary, medicine, and lighting, is exported overseas for the making of soaps, candles, lubricants, and so forth.—S. V. O. SOMANADER, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

A DENTAL FLOOR

SIR,—I am very much interested in the photograph of the dental floor in the summer-house at Heythorpe College, as in the garden of my old home, Darby House, Sunbury-on-Thames, was a summer-house of the Regency period which was paved with horses' teeth. They were said to have been the teeth of the horses belonging to Admiral George Darby, the original owner of the house.

His nephew, Captain Henry D'Esterre Darby, commanded the *Bellerophon* in the Battle of the Nile, and the summer-house appeared to be of that date.—LUCY MORISON, Fakenham Rectory, Norfolk.

THE TALLEST STANDING STONE

SIR,—In the churchyard at Rudson, East Yorkshire, is what is probably the tallest standing stone in the country. Locally called the Cleopatra's Needle of the Wolds, this monolith stands 25 feet above ground and has a similar length below.

The stone is composed of a type of gritstone not found locally and was probably brought to the place by glacial action. How or why it was set up has puzzled the archaeologists. The supposition that it was set up by the Celts as a tribute to their Sun-God



A MONOLITH IN A CHURCHYARD

See letter: *The Tallest Standing Stone*

seems as feasible as any.—J. A. CARPENTER, 48, St. Catherine's Road, Harrogate, York hire.

RATS AND GUINEA-PIGS

SIR,—Mr. Val B. Insley's letter suggests that rats are allergic to guinea-pigs. I am afraid this doesn't work out right. A few years ago my small daughter acquired a pair of these creatures—to my considerable dismay as I imagined us wading knee-deep through their offspring in a year or two. However, they were soon "liquidated" by rats, one being almost entirely eaten.

My wife and I duly registered our deep sorrow over the tragedy, but having successfully headed the bereaved owner off the subject of replacing them we have no further evidence on the question raised in your correspondent's letter.—AUBURNUR, Hampshire.



THE CHEKKU AT WORK

See letter: *Coconut-oil Extraction in Ceylon*

the enjoyment of many happy years.

As will be seen, no mention is made of the mother and daughters, of whom there were three, the family consisting of five sons and three daughters.—ANN HOWES, End-Way, Rockland All Saints, Attleborough, Norfolk.

THE HERMIT OF THE DOWNS

SIR,—My photograph is a portrait of Tom Ayling, a picturesque recluse who lived for many years in a shack constructed of old tree limbs on the southern slope of the Downs, near Hook's Way, eight miles from Chichester. He has passed to his long rest: he was 79 years old.

Old Tom, as he was called by the villagers, lived a life of complete solitude, his only companions the creatures of the wild which sometimes came to share his frugal meals. He had a way with all animals, and the

Hale and hearty to within a few weeks of his death, Old Tom was not at all worried by rationing. Indeed I do not think that he had a care in the world.—M. SWINBURNE, Emsworth, Hampshire.

COCONUT-OIL EXTRACTION IN CEYLON

SIR,—Oil extraction at the present day is done, as you know, with hydraulic presses and other more modern machinery, but in the rural parts of Ceylon, a very simple and inexpensive but effective method of extracting coconut-oil is by means of the *chekku*. The *chekku* is a sort of small native oil-mill erected under the shade of garden trees alongside village homes. It is a rude construction, consisting of the trunk of a tree hollowed out into a vat or mortar, encircled on top by an iron rim. Into this wooden receptacle is put the copra (dried coconut-kernel) from which the oil is to be expressed, and over it there is a



COPRA DRYING IN THE SUNSHINE

See letter: *Coconut-oil Extraction in Ceylon*

THE CHRISTMAS BOOKS

IN a season when, as might be expected, gift books are not at all splendid, and few can even by a stretch of imagination be called gift books, it is more than pleasant, in fact almost startling, to come on such a beautiful thing as *The Lyrical Woodland*, by Margaret Sackville, illustrated by Lonsdale Ragg (F. Lewis, Leigh-on-Sea, 21s.). Lady Margaret Sackville's poetry is well known to readers of COUNTRY LIFE, and here there are some very lovely things, such as

Can I believe

That very wood may grieve,
Even as man, and so
Like mortal heart must suffer
mortal woe?—

Oh! inconsolable
Sorrows, mute Tree, which in thy
substance dwell
For ever comfortless,
Since not to thy distress
Comes the swift ending of our
mortal years

And, century-old, thy tears
Fall in green drops of silent heaviness.

The late Archdeacon Ragg's drawings of trees are known everywhere, and this is a very beautiful collection of them, most exquisitely produced on paper that is of pre-war quality.

The Royal Family in War-time (Adams, 5s.) has been published for King George's Jubilee Trust, to whose funds the entire proceeds are devoted. It is fully illustrated, a temperate and well-written record of what our King and Queen and in fact all the Royal Family have done—and endured—during the war. It is indeed a record of activities for which the nation owes much, and without which we might not have found just that extra small grain of steadfastness and courage which brought us through the war to the admiration of our Allies.

The sort of book which forms a delightful small Christmas present to one's older friends, because it ensures an amusing hour or so, is *Home Circle* (Methuen, 6s.) by Fougasse, as good, as gay, as clever as ever, scoring off our foibles and follies with the same wit to which we have so long been accustomed. *Minor Relaxations* by Sillicene (Collins, 6s.) is another record of the thoughts and happenings of our day in witty drawings, mostly reproduced from *Punch*. *The Pick of Punch* (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d.) is as welcome as ever.

Messrs. Faber provide for the lover of art four books of outstanding interest, and most beautifully illustrated with reproductions in colour at 6s. each—*Blake, Music in Painting, Florentine Paintings and Degas*. Dr. Tancred Borenius gives us *Later Italian Painting from Titian Onward and Italian Painting up to Leonardo and Raphael* (Avalon Press, 8s.), lovely books full of beauty and scholarship, each with 36 illustrations. Among reprints there is a beautiful little edition of *The Sonnets of Shakespeare* at 8s. 6d. from Blackwell, and *The Duchess of Malfi* by John Webster (The Sylvan Press, 12s. 6d.).

Twelve Carols by Children (Feature Books, 7s. 6d.) contains a collection of Christmas carols written by children between 8 and 10 years of age. They are very attractive and simple verses, with the appeal of folk song about them, and have been set to music, each carol with its own tune and accompaniment by Anthony Borgia.

A book which no doubt will be treated as a gift book by many of us but deserves criticism on the highest plane is *Light the Lights* (Methuen, 4s.). Nobody writing now can compare with Sir A. P. Herbert for the gift of finding the nail which deserves hitting and then striking it on the head with the hammer of wisdom and humour. The contents of this book vary from the wittiest light things to the most stringent comments on

our daily life in the war years and end with the beautiful and moving *Hymn for Victory*, which we understand Roger Quilter has set to music.

The indefatigable Anthony Armstrong gives us this year *The Naughty Princess* (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.), a fine gay volume, well illustrated, of his fairy tales for adults.

The cat-lover will enjoy Joyce Cecilia Dixon's *The Rustication of Randy* (Lutterworth Press, 5s.), a humorous tale told from the cat's-eye point of view.

An Almanac by Norman Douglas

8s. 6d.) as a Christmas present will be welcomed by a great many people. Philip Harben has worked on the sensible plan of not giving recipes but explaining the basic principles that are the foundation of cooking.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Children are lucky this year in regard to what might be called their practical books. *Little Animals of the Countryside* by Eileen Mayo (Pleiades Books, 6s.) is a natural history illustrated partly in colour, partly in black and white, which would enter-

Scrap-Book for Boys and Girls (Gramoll Publications, 7s. 6d.) by Malcolm Saville. *Brae Farm* (Transatlantic Arts, 8s. 6d.), written and lithographed by Tom Gentleman, is the history of a holiday on a Highland farm, and full of practical information.

Henrietta Tayler's *Bonnie Prince Charlie* (Nelson, 4s. 6d.) will probably get into the hands of readers who will be considerably surprised by it, because it has a jacket that suggests Wardour Street history. In 127 pages, well illustrated, Miss Tayler has told one of the most tragic of our national histories with beauty, sympathy and truth.

Very many small people will like *Meet Matthew Again* by M. Joyce Davies (Readers' Library, 2s. 6d.), a cheerful highly illustrated tale of the adventures of a mouse, who has most of the characteristics of a nice little boy. In *Larry Lop-ear* (Grout Publishing Co., 4s. 6d.) Cyril Cowell does something of the same sort for a rabbit, illustrating it very charmingly, but Larry's adventures are with pirate fish; and there is also *Basil Bumble-Bee* (Hutchinson, 6s.) by Isobel St. Vincent, with lovely coloured illustrations. Dora Shackell's *The Story of Noah's Ark* (Museum Press, 2s. 6d.) is a well-told story with good illustrations printed on untearable material. A very good investment. *When Michael Was Three* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) is a jolly fairy-story by Frances Dale about the adventures of Michael's toys when he has gone to bed at night. The picture of the toys sailing down the river on leaf rafts is particularly attractive. *Pegasus* (Chatto and Windus, 5s.) by Eric Joysmith is a jolly story of an adventurous little horse. Exquisite illustrations are a feature of *The White Cow and Other Chinese Fairy Stories* (Lutterworth Press, 8s. 6d.), as told by Lao Tzu, written and illustrated by Francis Rose.

Books for young people which have good stories and good illustrations are the fascinating addition to Lady Gorell's tales of the toy bears in *The Bear Garden* (Murray, 5s.); Enid Blyton's exciting short stories *The Conjuring Wizard* (Macmillan, 4s. 6d.); and *The Princess Who Got Out of Bed the Wrong Side* (Museum Press, 5s.), by Betty Lovett—a very taking affair.

Turning to books in which the reading is more important than the illustrations we have *The Enchanted Village* (Collins, 8s. 6d.) by Guy Rawlence. This has many remarkably good illustrations but is also a book with plenty of reading in it. There is magic in the story, humour and excitement. *Maddy Alone* by Pamela Brown (Nelson, 6s.) will appeal particularly to the boy or girl who is fond of acting. Exciting mystery and a very realistic setting are features of *Trouble at Townsend* by Malcolm Saville (Transatlantic Arts, 7s. 6d.). Helen Dore Boylston, who created that charming character Sue Barton, gives us *Carol Comes to Broadway* (Lane, 7s. 6d.), a story of a girl's attempts to make her way on the stage. Mr. Malcolm Saville has another book appearing, *The Gay Dolphin Adventure* (Sewnes, 7s. 6d.), where, besides some new characters, the members of the Lone Pine Club come in again. The setting this time is near Rye. Eric Leyland tells another story of his famous character "The Captain" in *Hazard Royal* (Hutchinson, 6s.), set in Stuart times and making good reading. Meta Shaw in *The Twisted Talisman* (Hutchinson, 6s.) takes her readers back to the England of the eleventh century, and tells a story of the battles between Saxons and Danes very excitingly. *Smiler* (Hutchinson, 6s.) is the history of a hunt terrier who sees plenty of life and has many adventures. Fortunately for the soft hearts of his readers, these end happily. It has many good illustrations. S.



AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE LYRICAL WOODLAND

(Chatto and Windus, Martin Secker and Warburg, Ltd., 6s.) consists of an anthology chosen by Mr. Douglas from his own works so that it is both an anthology and an almanac. It is beautifully printed on excellent paper.

For the angler there is of course nothing more apt than *The Fisherman's Bedside Book* (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.) by "B. B.," with many illustrations by F. J. Watkins Pitchford.

For the cricket enthusiast comes *English Cricket* by Neville Cardus (Collins, 4s. 6d.), in the "Britain in Pictures" Series, containing many beautiful reproductions in colour and black and white. In the same series at the same price Arthur Croxton Smith, the great authority on everything to do with dogs, writes *British Dogs*. Again the illustrations both in black and white and colour are interesting, and of the matter one can only say that it has the excellence we expect from the author.

The Way to Cook (John Lane,

tain and instruct every young reader. The same may be said of *Life in Pond and Stream* by Richard Morse (Oxford University Press, 2s. 6d.). All the illustrations here are in colour.

Two other treasures for the young naturalist are *Call of the Birds* (Collins, 6s.), a splendid key to the study of British bird life by Charles S. Bayne, illustrated by C. F. Tunnicliffe, and *The Tale of the Mouse* (Collins, 5s.), with beautiful photographs by the well-known American Nature photographer Henry B. Kane.

Where did your Garden Grow? (Collins, 8s. 6d.) is another beautifully-illustrated book; in it Jannette May Lucas tells of the ancestry of many of our garden flowers.

The Life Story of the King Penguin, by G. M. Vever (Transatlantic Arts, 3s. 6d.) though a smaller book is perhaps aimed at a young reader of a little more sophistication, and that may be said too for the *Open Air*

////// HARRAP /////

Books for Christmas

The Human Face

By JOHN BROPHY

Book Society Recommendation

The human face from every aspect—its visual exterior and its expressive faculties; the influence of heredity and race; beards, coiffures; the faces of saints and famous men, of artists' models and pin-up girls—all these are discussed in this first full-length work of non-fiction by the well-known novelist. *Illustrated.*

15s. net

Poems from Italy

A companion volume to *Poems from the Desert* (a copy of which was presented to Mr. Churchill by Field-Marshal Montgomery at the El Alamein dinner), this collection of verses was written by members of the Eighth Army during the first nine months of the Italian campaign. Foreword by LIEUT.-GEN. SIR OLIVER LEESE. Introduction by SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

6s. net

Two Commonwealths

By K. E. HOLME

The second volume in the series *The Soviet and Ourselves*. It gives a comparative interpretation of the political and social evolution of Russia and Britain and of their contemporary institutions. *Illustrated with photographs and Isotype charts.*

7s. 6d. net

Recent reprints

The U.S.S.R.

By J. S. GREGORY and D. W. SHAVE

Presents a study of the Soviet Union in relation to its geographical background and shows how modern Russia has evolved from pre-revolutionary Russia. *With tables of statistical information and many maps.*

21s. net

Britain's Home Guard

"A character study," with text by JOHN BROPHY and 19 colour plates by ERIC KENNINGTON.

6s. net

"Home Guards will treasure this book with their proficiency badges."

—Manchester Guardian.

It All Happened Before

By JOHN RADNOR

The story of the home defence forces from King Alfred's *Fyrd* to the Home Guard. Illustrated with black-and-white drawings by R. T. Cooper.

10s. 6d. net

"The history of these irregulars makes fascinating reading."

The Studio.

NEW BOOKS

THE POTTERS AND THE SMITHS

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

HERE is a passage from Mr. H. J. Massingham's book *The Wisdom of the Fields* (Collins, 12s. 6d.):

"These potters and smiths and carpenters and builders and farmers who have no history in any age or among any of the peoples of the world are nevertheless those who make it possible for the rest of the nation to have any history at all. It is when the division between the historic and the unhistoric parts of a nation becomes too wide and deep, when the historic part disowns its origins in and dependence upon the unhistoric part, that a nation's internal order and balance become disrupted. In Cobbett's time, the rift was opening; in our own it is all but complete."

COBBETT'S ENGLAND

Mr. Massingham has been saying this in one way and other for a long time and throughout many books. It is the key of almost all his thinking about the problems that beset us. In this present book he drives it home with great vigour.

He begins with Cobbett as the finest expositor of the sort of England he would like to see; and then goes on in a number of papers to show us these smiths and carpenters, these builders and farmers and the rest, in so far as they are still left in our country, going about their jobs in the immemorial fashion of their kind. As Cecil Sharp rescued and recorded old songs

and tunes before they passed for ever, so here Mr. Massingham rescues trades and crafts and gives them to us set to the music of the lives that practise them.

His opening essay on Cobbett is excellent. What Cobbett stood for, he says, is "life seen as a living whole. The countryside was an organic whole of which man was one part and Nature another. They had co-operated to make something new from which the natural bounty of earth and the natural dignity of man had flowered in unison. He saw man in exactly the same way, as a creature made whole by a just balance between hand and brain, in a proper equipoise between family and social life and in an organic relation with the earth."

Again: "In the last resort, all of him meets in one paramount idea. It is the idea of the worth and dignity of the human person." And again: "When the 'lords of the loom' took away spinning and carding from the cottage home, they starved the soul as well as the body. The means to moral as to family integration were to be found at the plough, the bench and the hearth. They were equally the source of the worth and dignity of the person as of all material wealth. The independence of the family was Cobbett's economics; its happiness

his politics, its holiness his religion. The object of education was to make families God-fearing, happy and independent."

In these few passages you will find several words that recur again and again in all that Mr. Massingham writes. "Worth," "dignity," "wholeness"; and this last is closely allied in his mind with holiness. His charge against the industrial revolution is that it destroyed this wholeness of the individual man by severing his contact with the root from which he sprang: Earth the mother; and he feels that man will never know healing till the contact is re-established. He looks at the modern word "self-sufficiency" and dismisses it as inadequate: not the same thing as wholeness.

Upon rural economy, then, Mr. Massingham sees all else founded, and he finds that Cobbett was "not wrong in gathering that the rural community had steeply declined in prosperity, security, freedom and happiness in 1825 compared with what it had been in 1425."

There are facts and figures enough later on in the book to emphasise this rural decay. "This miller then gave me a list of the local industries once at work in his village. There were two corn mills, two fell-mongers' yards producing leather and making leggings, gloves, etc., two carpenters' shops, one wheelwright's shop, one forge making agricultural im-

plements, one malt-yard, one builder's yard, one butcher's shop, one pork butcher's shop and one bakery. All have been knocked out of business except one of the water-mills producing animal foods only, the builder's yard and the bakery. This has all happened in his lifetime."

BURFORD'S CRAFTSMEN

Or there is this of old Burford: "It spun wool, wove cloth, cast bells, worked metal, acted plays and kept more inns than a town twice its size; there were smiths, saddlers, maltsters, cabinet-makers, wallers, slatters, masons, artificers of many a kind. Now the busyness of Burford is of travellers that come and go."

In another decade, Mr. Massingham thinks, the old regional life will have vanished utterly. The "design for living" is gone. "Because Cobbett did link the organic way of life with eternal truths I have made him the corner-stone of the book. He was, besides, the most English of Englishmen. He possessed most of our virtues and a few of our faults. To heed his vision of England would be to return to ourselves."

Sir Reginald Coupland's recent book on Wilberforce gave us a close-up view of the fight against the African slave trade as it was waged from England. His new book *Livingstone's*

Christmas and New Year Books

NORMAN DOUGLAS
An Almanac

With decorations. 6/- net

FREDERIC PROKOSCH
Age of Thunder
Fiction. 8/6 net

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It is the journey which ended in this way, begun in March, 1866, when Livingstone was already a famous man, and ended in May, 1873, when he died in the heart of Africa, that Sir Reginald Coupland here records. During those seven years he was seen by only one white man, and that was H. M. Stanley, who was sent by an American newspaper to "find" him. Livingstone at that time was at the end of his resources. He was sick in body and mind. Stanley's company, before the two parted again some months later, pulled him together mentally; Stanley's stores permitted him, when the young bustling fellow was gone, to continue that search for the sources of the Nile which was his last obsession. It was, after all, the Congo he was tracing, but he died in his tracks without knowing this. Stanley was able to tell the story up to the time of the meeting. For the rest of it we are indebted to the faithfulness of the black boys, who carried to the coast not only the body but the record Livingstone had kept even when he was dying as he crawled.

CHARGE REBUTTED

Sir Reginald Coupland has told his story magnificently. Most of it is old matter, but recently-available papers of Sir John Kirk are used for the first time and to fine effect. Kirk, friend and fellow-explorer of Livingstone, was British Consul at Zanzibar, and he was deeply vilified by Stanley, who charged him with having done a good deal less than could have been done to help Livingstone. Here the charge is met and finally rebutted.

The characters of the story come most clearly to light. Two men more different than the self-forgetting Livingstone and the strident Stanley could hardly be imagined. It was Kirk who said to Livingstone's son: "Stanley will make his fortune out of your father." The young man reported this prophetic utterance in a letter to his father, and in a reply letter Livingstone said: "He is heartily welcome, for it is a great deal more than I could ever make out of myself." That sentence shows the two men up like a flash of lightning.

Although I am myself a contributor to it, I venture to call attention to an anthology *Voices on the*

Green (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). To this book poets, novelists and essayists have contributed their writing; there is some new music; and there are illustrations by many famous artists. All these have given their services, and so have the publishers and printers, in order that all the profits may go to the St. Mary's Hospitals for Women and Children, Manchester.

IDEAL CHRISTMAS PRESENT

I feel the best way in which I can commend this perfect Christmas present is by giving the names of the authors: Stephen Spender, Marjorie Bowen, Lance Sieveking, Thomas Moulton, Hector Bolitho, H. E. Bates, V. Sackville-West, H. M. Tomlinson, André Maurois, Eiluned Lewis, Vera Brittain, Henry Williamson, T. Thompson, Viola Meynell, S. L. Bensusan, John Brophy, R. H. Chadwick, Roger Quilter, Rodney Bennett, Edmund Blunden, Frank Swinnerton, Walter de la Mare, Thomas Burke, James Laver, Howard Spring, Walter Greenwood, A. P. Herbert, Gerald Bullett, Ethel Mannin, J. B. Priestley, F. Tennyson Jesse, Margaret Kennedy, J. L. Hodson, Reginald Reynolds, Lord Dunsany, James Bridie, Phyllis Bottome.

Talk about a galaxy . . . !

THE NEW NATURALIST

TWO handsome new volumes—*Butterflies and London's Natural History* (Collins, 16s. each)—are part of a series that will appear under the general title of *The New Naturalist* and form a fine introduction to it. In *London's Natural History* Mr. R. S. R. Fitter has set himself the task of reviewing the wild life of the capital both past and present, from prehistoric times up to the present day, when its parks and lakes form amazing sanctuaries for a variety of birds. He tells of what has been lost, of the great changes since the time when kites were scavengers of London's streets, and what has been gained, such as the lately arrived black redstart. He says "not the least interesting part of the story is the high degree of adaption which the animals and plants of the lower Thames valley have shown to the immense changes wrought by man. Even where human activity has created wholly artificial habitats, a flora and fauna have in the course of centuries adapted themselves to conditions sometimes totally unlike anything normally found in Nature." His remarks immediately call to mind the London pigeon, the sooty house sparrow hardly troubling to get from under the feet of the passer-by, and the Winter clouds of black-headed gulls. The book is well illustrated, mostly with photographs, including many in colour. Some of these are a fine testimonial to the advance of colour photography and of colour reproduction.

Dr. E. B. Ford's *Butterflies* is also illustrated by photographs both in colour and monochrome with admirable results, the numerous colour plates being not only excellent but illustrations in the full sense of the term. His volume is no mere catalogue of species, but a study of these most lovely of insects in relation to the great problems of biology. For instance, theoretical genetics is the subject of a long and exhaustive chapter. The book is to be recommended as exceedingly interesting and stimulating. The only question concerning it, and, likewise, *London's Natural History*, is whether it may not be a little above the head of the amateur in natural history. Although apparently intended for so-called "popular reading," it needs some acquaintance with the theories of genetics, heredity, distribution and evolution for one really to appreciate it, but it is an excellent and admirable piece of work. F. P.

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FARMING NOTES

WHEAT OR BARLEY?

MR. TOM WILLIAMS is still angling for more wheat for the 1947 harvest. When he spoke to the Council of Agriculture for England he appealed to farmers most strongly to grow as much wheat as possible on suitable land where it can be fitted into the rotation. He wants to see more Spring wheat sown. This is not a particularly attractive proposition in most seasons. Atlee is the safest of the Spring varieties and in 1945 it yielded well. Indeed, all Spring corn grew away quickly and came to harvest in good order. Most of the Spring corn was barley, which in the 1945 crop showed a considerable increase at the expense of wheat. That was due partly to the difficult sowing season in the Autumn of 1944, and if the acreage payment had been kept at £4 there is little doubt that the wheat acreage for 1946 would have shown some recovery. Now, whatever the Government may wish, it is too late to check the swing to barley. Barley is needed for animal feeding as well as for malting, and the Government are again providing a guaranteed market. The price is attractive compared with wheat or oats, and with the increased costs which farmers now have to meet it is not surprising that they are going for the most remunerative crop. This is just sound business.

Threshing for the Cows

SO far this season supplies of home-grown wheat have been coming forward rather slowly to the mills. Wet weather cannot be given as an excuse for delays in threshing. Indeed, I would say that threshing is going ahead well. Farmers have been giving priority to barley, which comes to more money than wheat and, anyway, is normally threshed in October and November to suit the maltster's taste. Most of us have also threshed some oats because we depend on this cereal for the bulk of the dairy cows' rations. I wish we could get some more protein to make a better balanced ration with home-grown foods. In many parts of the country the bean crop, which is an excellent source of protein, has been most uncertain in recent years and no one seems to be able to tell us how to make sure of getting a decent crop of beans. Possibly something has gone wrong with our strains of seed, making the crop more susceptible to chocolate spot and aphid. Many of us have tried peas and oats as a mixed crop. Too often the peas are very few when it comes to threshing. Next Spring I mean to try the peas as a straight crop. They are not easy to harvest, but it is worth taking some trouble to have more home-grown protein for Winter feeding. From all I hear the Government are not likely to be able to provide us with much more protein in the official rations next Winter.

Advice on Farm Buildings

THE Ministry of Agriculture's Committee on Farm Buildings have not produced any sensational recommendations. Their report, which is published by the Stationery Office at 3s., is a common-sense document which sets out in words, diagrams and photographs the lay-outs and designs which are now accepted as sound modern practice. There is no attempt to provide working patterns for the ideal buildings suited to every type of farm in the country. The Committee have considered particularly the needs of a mixed farm of 250 acres with about a score of cows in milk. This is a common size of farm and by suitable extensions or amendments the

plans set out in this report offer a useful guide. The Committee do not like very temporary buildings that are only intended to have a short life of, say, ten years. They are unsatisfactory because they are expensive to maintain, too light for practical working and often unpleasing in appearance. But buildings should be designed so that by changes of internal fittings they can be adapted to a variety of purposes.

Stable into Cow-house

MANY specially designed and costly buildings have fallen into disuse or have proved unsuitable because they cannot be readily converted for other requirements. This often happens on a change of tenancy or through changes in farming practice. For example, many farmers have wanted to convert a stable into a cow-house in recent years. Both structurally and in dimensions new buildings should be designed to accommodate the internal equipment that may be required for several alternative purposes. The Committee also have something to say about standardisation and mass production of farm buildings. By adopting a small number of standard designs it should be possible to make use of buildings constructed on the farm of factory-made units. Implement sheds and grain and fertiliser stores are examples. This principle is already widely adopted for Dutch barns and could be applied to other buildings if fittings were manufactured of standard sizes and designs to give cheap production.

War-time Hutments

I AM particularly interested in a note about the adaptation of war-time huts to farm use. All over the country there are thousands of hutments put up for the Services which are now decaying and the Ministry of Works seems to be very slow in allowing farmers to have them, even in cases where the hutments are conveniently sited for farm use without removal. The Committee states that a large part of such buildings are of concrete frames, with concrete panel fillings. This, of course, refers to huttid camps which are much too big a proposition for the individual farmer to take over. The dismantling and re-erection of these hutments is skilled work. Their transport is heavy, and moving them may be altogether uneconomical. But there are, as well, a great many iron huts and wooden huts now available and these should be offered straightaway to farmers. It would be a great help in making the best use of these hutments if the Ministries of Agriculture and Works would put their heads together and make it possible for farmers to get hold of these huts easily and, moreover, give some advice on the best ways of adapting them for different farm uses. Some need no adaptation.

A Good Investment

LAST Summer I bought for \$90 a Nissen hut standing on a good concrete floor adjoining a hard road. This had been used as living-quarters for a searchlight unit. It has proved admirably suited for storing fertilisers that will be required on that part of the farm, which is well away from the main buildings. At harvest we used the hut for winnowing barley as it came off the combine harvester. It was a godsend to have a place under cover where the men could get on with winnowing and weighing of the sacks even when the rain was pouring down outside. CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALES BY EARL SPENCER

EARL SPENCER has sold 1,975 acres of his landed estates. The Northamptonshire portion is at Strixton, and the purchasers of approximately 988 acres are the Duchy of Lancaster, lately figuring in similar acquisitions in other counties. The other sale is of 987 acres at Priors Marston, in Warwickshire, the buyers being the Margam Trust. The agents effecting the sales were Messrs. Berry Bros. and Bagshaw.

ELEGANT STREET RENTS AND GROUND RENTS

ONE of the principal insurance companies has bought the large block of premises on the west side of Eminent Street, known as Crown House. The premises, Nos. 143, 145 and 147, Eminent Street, are held on a direct lease from the Crown for about 6 years unexpired, at a ground rent of £4,400 a year. The rental yield of the block is moderately estimated at £10,000 a year, the tenants including electricity and other important undertakings of a public character. The price paid for the Crown lease is believed to be £75,000.

AT TUNBRIDGE WELLS

THE Kentish Spa of Tunbridge Wells has been a focus of more than local interest, such as the Pantiles, Mount Zion and Mount Ephraim, as well as Calverley Park. Mathew Calverley owned a large area, eventually acquired by one, Harvey, from whose descendants it passed to John Ward, whose successors have just sold most of it. According to the short history of Tunbridge Wells by the late Mr. Arthur W. Brackett, "a number of edifices suitable to the reception of genteel families" were designed by Septimus Burton, architect of the arch at Constitution Hill and the Athenæum Club. Besides Holy Trinity Church (1829) he was the architect of Calverley Market and the Calverley Promenade, the last-named definitely designed "to outshine the Pantiles." Calverley Park houses came into being about that time, and Mr. Brackett inclined to the opinion that Burton was responsible for designing them. Be that as it may, the Calverley Park houses are about 115 years old, and they have always belonged to the Ward family. The houses have been well maintained and kept up to modern residential ideals. The Hood and Neville Ward trustees have, through Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff and Mr. Dilnot Stokes, sold houses, shops and ground rents in Tunbridge Wells for a total of £111,790. Some of the 24 Calverley Park houses and 8 acres changed hands privately, but Nos. 12 to 24, with nearly 13 acres of the park, were sold under the hammer for £27,200. Among the vendors' trustees are Lt.-Col. the Hon. Neville A. Hood, and Mr. Neville Leckonby Phipps. A few of the 16 or 17 lots in the auction are under requisition by the War Office, the Ministry of Works and other authorities.

THE PRIVATE OWNER'S TIMBER

ONCE again the private landowner has provided the bulk of the best quality timber required for war purposes. No doubt the reason for that is found in the formerly invariable continuity of the tenure of privately owned woodlands, and the long period during which they have been maturing. Though not much is heard about it, the fundamental problem facing the landowner is whether there is any reasonable probability that the outlay of money and energy in planting high-class timber will ever yield him or his

successors any appreciable return. The days when a landowner could reasonably look to a line of successors in ownership seem to be numbered. The present, and the probably permanent, level of taxation, and the much fuller scope of choice of interest in life for the members of landed families are among the influences operating against an estate tenure long enough to see the marketable maturity of, say, oak woods planted nowadays. However, this savours of prophecy, and time may show it to be baseless, especially if ample State help for planting is given. A very acceptable aspect of whatever afforestation is done lies in the vast amount of employment that it will afford, and another angle of the same subject is that the workers will necessarily be distributed throughout the country, and not, as in the case of factory hands, be congregated in overcrowded towns.

Private woodlands supplied 95 per cent. of the timber used during the war. The Forestry Commission aims at planting or re-planting 5,000,000 acres in the next 50 years, and of this 2,000,000 acres will be on private property, if suitable schemes of State contribution and supervision can be worked out. Altogether the planting and re-planting schemes for the next five years apply to 350,000 acres. The present system of licences for felling timber is to be continued.

THE SALE OF FOXHILL

THE last three years have, it may be confidently stated, seen more changes in the ownership of racing establishments than any previous period. The difficulties of carrying them on have been tremendous, though at last they are in a fair way to being surmounted. Too pessimistic a view was taken by some owners at the outbreak of the war, but in that respect they were not singular among the conductors of enterprises. Any disposition by persons, some of whom are wise after the event, to say "I told you so" should be tempered by the reflection that, whatever opinion of the future prospects of various ventures may have been held, the difficulties of owners and trainers in the first two years of the war were of a character that left some of them no option but to give in and hope for a chance of resumption in better days.

The auction that had been contemplated concerning Foxhill, near Swindon, will not have to be held, as Messrs. Rumball and Edwards, in conjunction with Messrs. Hobbs and Chambers, have sold the property, by order of Mr. H. J. Joel. The estate includes the training establishment of Foxhill, and Aldbourne Warren Farm and Manor Farm, occupied by Major V. S. Bland. The sale embraces the whole estate of 2,300 acres.

HOLDING TO RANSOM

INNUMERABLE instances have occurred where useful and desirable redevelopment schemes have been held up indefinitely by the obstinate refusal of some protected tenant to make way for the work, and all in vain have been offers of alternative accommodation. The real remedy for the manifold injustices due to rent control would be to revert to the old system of freedom of contract, not to establish tribunals to hear arguments about the rents and other incidents of the tenure. It would be possible to do away with most of the machinery of control without giving an opportunity to harsh and exorbitant owners to penalise persons who could prove their readiness to pay a fair rent for premises. ARBITER.

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1
Photograph: Zoltan Glass

UNDER A MINK COAT



Photograph: Anthony Buckley 2

NYLON fabrics and the first of the post-war rayons are beginning to trickle into the collections and shops, changing the dress silhouette. The rayons are as pliable as pure silk, either completely matt or with the sheen of satin, in weights from chiffon to a heavy crêpe that can be tailored. One of the best is a reversible marocain. Bianca Mosca designs a dress from it using the shining satin side for horizontal bands which she places where they draw attention to the cut—on the bottom of sleeves that bell out to a tight wristband, on the hip line to accent the padding which gives a pannier effect and immediately above the tight inlet waistband. She makes this dress in black and in chestnut brown and it is very elegant and very easy to wear with its low V neckline—perfect under a fur coat for all kinds of Winter functions. Digby Morton encrusts ruched satin bands and arabesques on to the plain bodice of a matt tailored frock. This marocain is splendid for a bride's frock cut on flowing classic lines with the gleaming satin side decorating the top and the chalk-white matt side for the long skirt. Spectator Models show a fine romaine, woven in Yorkshire, which they make into afternoon dresses in powder blue, wine and petunia, with low, swathed necklines and more draping and swathing on the hips. Rima's great innovation is a reversible canvas rayon for Summer frocks, one side speckled, the other a clear pastel. They show it made up into a jumper suit, using the jaspé side for the tight



3

- 1 The tight short-sleeved bodice is black satin, the gathered skirt, black georgette, with gores in the satin. Rima
- 2 Bianca Mosca inserts bands of the satin side of a chestnut marocain on hips, sleeves and above the waistband. The hips are padded to accent the curve
- 3 Dark mink with the new full sleeve, deep armhole and straight-working from the shoulder. National Fur Co.

skirt and 2-inch bands which edge the fitted tunic. It comes in a range of dusty pink, lemon, mist-blue, the speckled side flecked with grey and black.

Nylon fabrics are in the London shops in dark lining colours as well as in pastels and white. They look like taffetas and are immensely strong, soft to handle. In thicker weaves nylon is being shown in the furnishing departments. The nylons woven specially for the dress trade, and not for war purposes, will be in the shops in the New Year. I have seen some glacial taffetas which would make the type of dramatic evening coat that was in fashion a few years before the war with immense billowing skirt, huge sleeves



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A bonnet for the New Year in black chip straw with mushroom velvet ribbons and pale pink ostrich feathers curling over the back hair. Pissot and Pavy

and a tiny waist. Peter French makes the fine taffeta nylon into some crisp blouses with frilly fronts and collars, puffed sleeves.

SOME exceedingly pretty prints are being shown in the Summer collections. The designs are either minute or geometric and arranged into bars or squares. Two circles in cherry and blue make a dot on an ice-blue ground, or a tiny flower head is used as a dot in very bright pastel colours. Some pretty lavenders and ice-blues make the grounds of crêpe-de-chines; a lovely lemon and old gold are featured in the rayons that are woven to look like canvas. A charming crêpe has a design like tiny embroidered lace handkerchiefs all over its lavender ground. The fine black chiffons and georgettes are shown mostly for export at present, but the first bales of slipper satin are in the London warehouses.

In Paris, the most elegant clothes are, as always, restrained in line but a radical, if subtle, change in cut has taken place. Until one examines closely the frocks and coats, the intricate seaming, gores and hidden gussets that have changed the silhouette, elude one. Waists are still marked clearly, skirts tend to be tight or have fullness in front, or drapery round the hips. But it is on the shoulders where the big revolution has taken place. The squared look has disappeared; the set-in sleeve been discarded in many instances. Elliptical padding projects over the top of the arm and the armhole is cut deep below, though the exaggerated bat-wing effect has very largely gone. Lelong makes a stunning short black frock with a long cross-over front edged by a roll collar that continues down to the waistline, where it meets a deep godet that breaks the severity of the



Smart Parisiennes go hooded, booted, fur-lined, to keep out the intense cold. At home, they wear wool housecoats, the long, full sleeves caught at the wrists with a velvet bow, the tiny waists sashed with velvet. Sometimes the housecoats are bordered with sequins or flowers embroidered on in brilliantly coloured silks. They wear artist's smocks in wool, felt boots lined with white rabbit, and embroidered jackets like a lumberman's. Everything possible is lined with rabbit skin—jackets, hoods, gloves, boots. Even the bulkiest jackets are belted in tightly. Woollen hoods are attached to shoulder capes and lined with rabbit fur.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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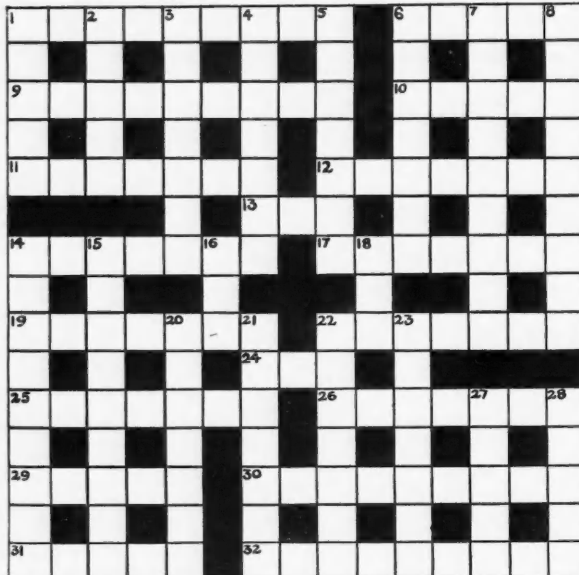


...TASTE IT!

CROSSWORD No. 830

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 830, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, December 27, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

SOLUTION TO No. 829. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of December 14, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Mandate; 4, Germany; 9, Green fields; 11, Seek; 12, Earn; 13, Streets; 15, Reeves; 16, Statue; 19, Watery; 20, Ranged; 23, Tailor; 26, Stella; 27, Sirocco; 28, Even; 30, Crab; 31, Dardanelles; 32, Dawdled; 33, Essence. DOWN.—1, Mousers; 2, Dark; 3, Treats; 5, Events; 6, Mode; 7, Younger; 8, Offer; 9, Generalised; 10, Salt-cellar; 13, Setebos; 14, Stand to; 17, Eye; 18, Arm; 21, Uttered; 22, Carbine; 24, Riddle; 25, Horns; 26, Scalps; 29, Nard; 30, Cede.

ACROSS.

1. Pluto shuts up, and thereby makes a revelation (9)
6. Unacademic don (3, 2)
9. Not an impermanent perm, though it's to do with the 'air'! (5, 4)
10. Every inch a king? 'tis well (7)
11. Left hand, right hand; 'tis well (9)
12. Paddy, not always Irish (7)
13. He never can absent him "from felicity awhile" (3)
14. Peter Simple's spiritual father (7)
17. Headgear that's effective seems to make for all-round efficiency! (7)
19. Harkens to what's mostly silent! (7)
22. Afloat, derelict, mainly submarine (7)
24. Illuminated (3)
25. What the Mincing Lane taster presumably does (4, 3)
26. You can account for it (7)
29. Tarka (5)
30. Red piston (anagr.) (9)
31. "A laggard in love, and a dastard in war. Was to wed the fair — of brave Lochinvar." (5)
32. Clearly members of the Resistance Movements (9)

DOWN.

1. Where our sons may carve names for themselves (5)
2. Playing the game (5)
3. There's a lot to start with, but it's altogether chancy! (7)
4. Will colour Robin Hood's company? (7)
5. Pyrrhonist (7)
6. Not buttered by fine words (7)
7. A lot rebel (anagr.) (9)
8. Where Justice rallies again? (9)
14. One of those marking a dramatic road for Bennett and Knoblock (9)
15. Prose tale let drop by a flower? (4, 5)
16. She's only a little mannish (3)
18. One might take it for Noah's rainbow? (3)
20. Begin dealing with (5, 2)
21. Written, it will be libel (7)
22. They are not this type (7)
23. Apologies (7)
27. More about nothing, as the poet wrote (5)
28. "O dreamy, gloomy, friendly —" (5)

—Herbert Trench (5)

The winner of Crossword No. 828 is
Mr. J. A. Colver,
239 Grahame Road,
Sheffield, 10.

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